Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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ARE WE LOSING THE WAR?

NO! BUT WE HAVE FAR TO GO

BY THE EDITOR

HISTORY will record as a noteworthy incident that Colonel Edward Mandell House was striving earnestly to bound Serbia on the three sides which still possess boundaries when the telephone bell rang and he was notified by Secretary Tumulty, with whom he is once more on speaking terms, at long distance, that forthwith he was to doff the garments of peace and don the panoply of war. Although the abrupt transformation was not wholly unwelcome to one of martial instincts and training, even the temporary abandonment of his great task of Gathering Data upon a scale of comprehensiveness hardly suspected by the American public drew from the Assistant President a sigh of regret. But, in one respect like General Wood, Colonel House is a soldier and goes perforce and uncomplainingly where he is sent. Indeed, as he remarked with characteristic simplicity upon his happily safe arrival in London, he was not merely willing but "glad to take either rôle in the interest of my country." Fortunately, too, he had acted so promptly in forming a Staff that he was able to leave the preliminary prosecution of peace activities in the safe keeping of those whom he had been accustomed to consult, as the President used to remark with respect to Secretary Daniels, "in intimate fashion."

There was, first of all, Doctor Sidney Edward Mezes, formerly, of course, of Texas but now of the College of the City of New York, and by chance his own brother-in-

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law, drafted to serve at the expense in whole or in part of the city and known to *Who's Who* as "part author" of "The Conception of God." Then came Gordon Auchincloss, Esq., a lawyer of merit and distinction, who happens to be the Colonel's son-in-law; and next in line, according to the newspapers, Mr. Ignace Paderewski, the well-known piano tuner; and finally Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the deft depicter of a "Maker of Rainbows" and "The Quest of the Golden Girl." At the last moment Mr. Auchincloss was transferred to the War branch of Colonel House's Department and sailed away, but the country may rest assured that there will be no abatement in the gathering of data under the skilful direction of his eminent colleagues.

The fitness of the War Staff selected by the President to accompany Colonel House must be considered in relation with the purposes and objects of the conference itself. Upon that point, we regret to remark, official definitions continue to be as contradictory as were the declarations, to which we alluded last month, of the State Department and the Assistant President with respect to the vocation of the Peace-Data commission. Secretary Lansing asserted with exceptional positiveness that "it cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is a war conference and nothing else," but simultaneously Colonel House announced to the British that he was there "as a political representative of the American Government," to be "consulted from time to time by the other members of the commission, although each of them, by the nature of his respective duties, is working independently of the others." Ignoring the Secretary's rather obvious attempt to dissociate the Colonel from the State Department and passing the Colonel's tacit disclaimer of eminent capacity as a military expert and turning to our Allies for accurate information, we find ourselves in confusion worse confounded. "We are on the eve now," said Mr. Lloyd George in announcing the arrangement, "of the most important international conference ever held, a military and political conference. Some of the greatest, some of the most prominent statesmen of all the Allied countries will be there, some of the most distinguished soldiers of the Allied countries. The decisions taken will affect the whole course of the war and may very well determine the ultimate issue." And yet, hardly a fortnight later, Mr. Bonar Law declared in the House of Commons that the conference

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would be restricted absolutely to consideration of the military problem and would not even touch upon questions of a political nature. Whether this abrupt *volt-face* was due to a hint from Lord Northcliffe or Lord Reading to the effect that Colonel House would inevitably be named as the head of the American mission and that his appearance in that capacity, so soon after he had been charged, according to the European version, with prosecution of "peace activities," would surely enhance the perturbation caused among the Allies by his original appointment, is not perhaps a proper subject for speculation. The simple fact, however, that both Lord Northcliffe and Lord Reading were summoned three thousand miles from their important tasks in this country to participate in the conference clearly bore out the Premier's assertion that the gathering would be of the ablest minds, of the "most prominent statesmen" and doubtless of the "most distinguished soldiers," so far at least as Europe is concerned.

Two questions arise immediately (1) Whether the American mission measures up in this "most important international conference ever held" and (2) Whether it is the strongest in ability, experience and reputation that could have been sent. Both, we fear, must be answered in the negative, the first upon its face and the second no less assuredly upon examination. There is no question, for example, of the capacity of either General Bliss or Admiral Benson, but the fact remains that, both at home and abroad, as well as in the service, the superiority in a broad sense of General Wood and Admiral Fiske is universally recognized. It is not, indeed, too much to say that these two famous officers constitute, in their respective spheres, a class by themselves, —the former as a soldier of the highest order, broadest vision and extraordinary energy, and the latter, as a naval strategist, unsurpassed since Mahan and, as an inventor and developer of new methods such as have now become the crying need of the Allied navies, absolutely without a peer in the world. In age, the two Admirals are but a year apart and General Wood has the advantage of seven years over General Bliss, who incidentally reaches the period of retirement during the present month,—a circumstance greatly to be deplored if the United States is to have, as she should have, a representative on the new Board of General Control, with Generals Cadorna, Wilson and Foch.

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While fully appreciating the apparent feeling of the President that only those who have won the personal regard of both himself and his Secretaries or who at least have not given offense by insisting too zealously, as undoubtedly both General Wood and Admiral Fiske did insist, upon preparedness, should be entrusted with high commands, we cannot escape the conclusion that, in this instance at any rate, the happening is most unfortunate and may easily prove to have been calamitous. Nevertheless, since, as we remarked in September, the enforced virtual abdication of Congress placed upon the President undivided responsibility for the conduct of the war, it is right and proper that he should use his own best judgment in making important assignments, and it is a gratifying circumstance that, however the relative merits of those mentioned may seem to balance, he evidenced his appreciation of the momentous character of the conference by retaining Rear Admiral Grayson on shore duty and naming as the representatives of the United States abroad the titular heads of the army and the navy.

So much, alas, cannot be said of the civilian members of the Board designated. Mr. Oscar T. Crosby, Mr. Bainbridge Colby, Dr. Alonzo Taylor and Mr. Thomas Nelson Perkins are gentlemen of excellent parts no doubt, but each is a subordinate in his respective Department and, as such, can hardly hope to wield influence comparable with that of "the greatest and most prominent statesmen of all the Allied nations." Of Mr. Vance McCormick and Mr. Gordon Auchincloss, as international or even national figures, only passing mention need be made, to complete the list.

The answer to our second query, *i. e.*, as to whether the delegation is the strongest "in ability, experience and reputation" that could have been named is only too obvious. Indeed, according to Mr. David Lawrence, of the *Evening Post,* the Administration itself was so conscious of its weakness that the State Department requested the Washington correspondents to refrain from speculating upon the probable *personnel* of the commission until it should have actually landed upon foreign soil, thereby "making impossible criticism which officials have repeatedly said they did not want to prevent." Whether or not this hardly credible supposition, implying nothing less than cheap political trickery upon the part of a Government pledged to frankness and

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publicity, be correct or not, the effect necessarily is that indicated as having been designed, namely, to render comment both supererogatory and ineffective. We prefer greatly to believe that the real purpose was that announced, —to distract the attention of the Germans through secrecy and thus avert danger to the commissioners from especially venomous submarine attacks.

Far more to the point and far more disquieting are Mr. Lawrence's further assertions to the effect that the President's choosing of "only men who have been politically affiliated with him already has brought forth expressions of regret among many persons disposed to be friendly to the President, and who declare that in order to retain the confidence of all political parties the White House ought not fail at least to consult those of opposite political faith whose record inspires public confidence"; that he did not consult a single member of the Congressional committees whose co-operation will be essential to the fulfilment of any commitment made by the Mission; and that "the risk to the American people whose sons are fighting the war may prove to be incalculably greater if second-rate men are sent to represent the United States at the most important conference of the war."

But even this is understandable, in the light of the early prediction of Mr. C. W. Gilbert in the *Tribune* that "if Mr. Wilson does as he always does the man who will represent this country, probably as head of the permanent inter-Allied organization, will be merely the President's other self, and Mr. Wilson will be the most powerful man in the war, directly applying himself to its larger problems."

Here was an accurate forecast, of course, of Colonel House, not merely as the head of the Mission but, as a corollary of his prompt consignment in London of the other members to their "respective duties," as the whole delegation and alone and unaccompanied except, naturally, by his good lady, entitled to dine with George and Mary. Mr. David Lawrence will readily perceive, therefore, how idle was the original "confident expectation" in Washington that "on such an important mission, the President would not fail to send America's greatest statesmen, not only men of long diplomatic experience, but practical business men accustomed to deal in large affairs."

True, if the scope of the conference as defined by Mr.

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Lloyd George be accepted in lieu of Mr. Lansing's rather pointed limitation, the country might have felt more adequately represented in statesmanship by Mr. Root of world-wide fame and still a member of the Hague Tribunal, or by Senator Lodge, a staunch adherent of the Administration's war measures; or in diplomacy, by Mr. Herrick, the most successful and popular ambassador we ever sent to France, or by David Jayne Hill, as well known in Europe as in America, or by Mr. John Bassett Moore, our recognized authority; in finance, by Mr. George F. Baker or by Mr. J. P. Morgan or by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan or by Mr. Otto H. Kahn; in business of great magnitude, by Mr. Henry C. Frick or by former Senator Winthrop Murray Crane or by Mr. Theodore N. Vail or by Mr. Clarence H. Mackay or by Judge Gary; in resuscitation, by Major General Henry P. Davison, head of the Red Cross, or better yet perhaps, for the effect abroad, by Major General William Howard Taft, and so on; but unfortunately these, with exception of Mr. Ryan and the possible exception of Mr. Kahn, are Republicans.

Mr. Gerard, however, the only diplomat of the Allies who has been in Germany since the war began, is a Democrat; and so is Mr. Alton B. Parker; and so are Judge Lovett and Mr. Frederick D. Underwood, experts in transportation; and so are the members of the Cabinet and a majority of both Houses of Congress. Surely Secretary Lane or Secretary Houston, the two members of the Cabinet who ought to have the most and seem to have the least to do with the prosecution of the war, would have carried more weight than the unknown assistant secretaries who were sent. And most potent of all beyond any question, in the light of his recent great successes, and as the holder of the purse strings and the distributor at will of billions among the Allied nations, would have been Secretary McAdoo.

But enough! We shall not discuss the unique and exclusive qualifications of Colonel House as contrasted with those of the galaxy of men suggested and of twice as many more who might be named. To do so until he shall have had full opportunity to prove himself by his works would be manifestly improper and perhaps not altogether polite, since we have just been reading his book. But the Colonel errs when he announces himself as "a political representative of the American Government." The Constitution makes

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no provision for ambassadors and ministers whose appointments are not confirmed by the Senate. Colonel House is the personal representative of the head of one branch of the Government; "a friend of mine," as the President himself put it very neatly in his Buffalo speech; just that and, if we may take the liberty of applying Secretary Lansing's phrase, "nothing else."

For ourselves, we perceive no cause for criticism of the appointment of Colonel House, whom, as we have frequently remarked, we hold in high esteem as the wisest, if not the only, guide, counsellor and friend of the President. It is a departure, of course, from the custom of the early days when only statesmen of established reputations were dispatched upon like missions, as was illustrated most strikingly by John Adams when, in a similar crisis, he sent to France his most bitter political antagonist, John Marshall; but there were no cables in those days and an Ambassador was obliged to assume actual responsibility; now no such necessity exists. Nor to our mind does it matter that Colonel House is without experience as a legislator or as an executive in either public or private affairs; he has proved himself a shrewd observer and an accurate reporter; as such, we have no doubt he will render satisfactorily the only service required of him by the President.

The foreign method is different, to be sure. Both the French and Italians—the Japanese, too, for that matter—sent to us their best in both brains and fame; and the British! God bless us! Not since 1776 have so many distinguished Englishmen set foot upon American soil. The Lord Chief Tory led the way, only to be followed in quick succession by the Lord Chief Journalist and the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Chief High Commissioner of Australia and the Lord Chief Prime Minister of New Zealand and the Lord alone knows how many more of lesser rank. In point of fact, it is no longer a secret that may not now be revealed with propriety that the Prime Minister was about to come when something happened in Italy to prevent; even so at this very writing he is somewhere or somewhere else in France. So it is not so surprising as at first thought it might seem that, a few months ago, the British War Council directed one of their representatives in this country to extend a formal invitation to the President to attend a general conference in London. In passing, it should be noted that the

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particular Lord Chief who was charged with the performance of the delicate task did not submit the proposal; possibly he was aware that the Vice President was away at the time and that, though he should return, he was not wholly or even partly in accord with the President's method of conducting the war. Even so, if a serious tangle should arise in the great Paris conference, would it be so poor an idea, after all, for the President to go personally to Paris, as he goes to Congress, and straighten it out? Believe us, the task of personally directing the most stupendous warfare the world has ever known, three thousand miles from the scene of action, for a period of years, even with the aid of so excellent a transmitter as Colonel House, is not to be undertaken without grave misgivings; but, since there is nothing to do about it, we shall continue, without concluding, to hope for the best.

And the most heartening thing we have heard in a long time is that self-same Buffalo utterance of the President, wherein he skilfully rectified the widely advertised peace-activities foolishness of his friend by saying that, although Colonel House "is as great a lover of peace as I know, I did not send him on a peace mission; I sent him to take part in a conference as to how the war is to be won, and he knows, as I know, that that is the way to get peace, if you want it for more than a few minutes." That is what we have been waiting and longing to hear for eight weary months and we rejoice accordingly, because now we can see no possible escape from fighting for peace through victory alone. And there were other things in the speech, some of which naturally or perhaps from sheer contrariness we care little for; such, for example, as seeking tiresomely familiar "common counsel" when, of course, only didactic utterance was possible; as wishing to speak simply as a "fellow citizen" instead of "words of authority" as President, when everybody knows that no other words would have been heard or at least reported; as considering it "a real honor to be thus invited to your (labor's) public councils" because "I say that you are reasonable in a larger number of cases than the capitalists," something "I am not saying to them personally, because (alas!) I haven't had a chance"; and finally as declaring with startling frankness in flat contradiction of the Postmaster General "*I would like to see all the critics exported,*"—an illuminating expression which oddly enough did not appear in the authorized Associated Press report.

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But, passing as immaterial such fol-de-rol, upon the easy assumption that an old ribbon of the New Freedom days crept back momentarily to the typewriter, we find the body of the Buffalo speech the best yet,—clear, strong and true. Its most gratifying feature, of course, in recollection of previous utterances, is the definite and irrevocable demand for peace through victory and victory alone, but hardly less satisfying and inspiring are these resolute words:

> Our duty, if we are to do this great thing and show America to be what we believe her to be, the greatest hope and energy of the world—then must we stand together night and day until the job is finished.
>
> If we are true friends of freedom—our own or anybody else's—we will see that the power of this country, and the productivity of this country, is raised to its absolute maximum and that absolutely nobody is allowed to stand in the way of it.

Spoken like a man, say we; like an American man; like an American President of whom we are glad to be proud. Now it remains only to make the words good—and quickly, quickly, quickly, for God's sake!

Since that night of peril to civilization, when Paris lay within range of German guns and the President of France, about to depart, with tears streaming down his face, consigned the treasures of the city to the care and protection of the sympathetic American ambassador, there has not been a time when the outlook was as black as it is today. Whatever way we turn our troubled eyes in search of omens of victory, we gaze upon a blank wall. True, the submarine menace seems to have diminished and, true, the great Western armies are gaining, inch by inch, ground whose possession may or may not be worth its cost in men and munitions; but these achievements, gratifying though they are, mark in a large sense no more than successful defense. Germany continues to be the irresistible aggressor; Germany continues to win; Germany has become exultant and has lifted the hearts of her allies; Germany is stronger than ever before; Germany no longer seeks peace.

And why should she?

Russia, distracted and incoherent, lies prone at her feet, to be had at will for the taking; Roumania is her granary, fed by the hands of cowering peasants; Italy is broken and, as we write, the Huns are beginning to swarm over her most fertile provinces with a fair prospect of absorbing all of the vast resources in fields, in factories and in mines between

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Venice and Milan. We hear no more of the possibility of "starving Germany into submission" and, as to invaluable Alsace-Lorraine, "Come and take it," sneers the Kaiser.

How has all this come about almost overnight? Are the Germans, in fact, a race of supermen? Have they accomplished so much so quickly unaided? No, it was not possible. They have had help, enormous and essential help from the Allies,—from England, from France and, God forgive us, from America.

Lloyd George tells the shocking story. Speaking in Paris, upon his return from Italy, of the decision to create a unified directive or advisory military body, he declared that, since the Italian disaster necessitated action without delay, "unfortunately we did not have time to consult the United States or Russia before creating this council." Diplomatic reasons may have warranted the linking together and putting upon the same plane a State in anarchy and a Nation possessing a stable government. It is easy, moreover, to appreciate the difficulty of consulting Russia when there was nobody to consult. But why the United States? Are not the cables at the service of the Governments? Have we no ambassador in France or England or Italy authorized to confer with the Government to which he is assigned or capable of transmitting a message to Washington and delivering a response? What impelled Messrs. Lloyd George and Painlevé to put this obvious slight, implying both incompetency and unauthorization, upon ambassadors duly appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate of the United States? Where did they get the impression that the only medium of communication with, and acceptable to, the American Government is an unofficial personal representative of the President accustomed to make only sporadic visits?

But let Mr. Lloyd George continue.

The Allies had committed a great fault, he said, in not assisting Serbia adequately in holding her line. The result was that the Central Empires broke the blockade and procured men and supplies from the East, without which Germany would have been unable to maintain the force of her armies.

"Why was this unbelievable fault committed?" asked the Premier. "The reply is simple. It was because no one in particular was charged with guarding the Balkan gate.

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The united front had not become a reality. France and England were absorbed by other problems in other regions. Italy thought only of the Carso. Russia was mounting guard over a frontier of a thousand miles, and, even without that, she could not have passed through to have helped Serbia, because Roumania was neutral.

"It is true that we sent troops to Salonika to succor Serbia, but, as always, they were sent too late. Half the men who fell in the vain effort to pierce the Western front in September that same year would have saved Serbia, saved the Balkans and completed the blockade of Germany.

"You may say this is an old story. I grant you that it was simply the first chapter of a series that has continued to the present hour; 1915 was the year of the Serbian tragedy; 1916 was the year of the Roumanian tragedy, which was a repetition of the Serbian story almost without change. This is unbelievable, when you think of the consequences to the Allies' cause of the Roumanian defeat. Opulent wheatfields and rich petroleum wells passed to the enemy and Germany was able to escape us.

"Through the harvest of 1917 the siege of the Central Powers was raised once more, and the horrible war was once more prolonged. That would not have happened, had there existed some central authority, charged with meditating upon the problem of the war for the entire theater of the war."

All this is true enough and sad enough, but it stopped short at the crucial point. Mr. Lloyd George might speak safely as well as shrewdly with what he termed "frankness that is perhaps brutal" of blunders committed for which, although at the time a member of the War Council, he could not be held personally responsible, but what of the latest and greatest of all,—the refusal or failure of England to extend aid to Italy, in the time of her greatest need, while he himself was Premier with full authority? As to that, according to the published reports, "after reviewing the Italian campaign," he calmly observed that, so far as he was concerned, he had "arrived at the conclusion that if nothing was changed," he "could no longer accept the responsibility for the direction of a war condemned to disaster from lack of unity." If this was not political camouflage, corresponding to cuttlefish tactics with which we ourselves are not wholly unfamiliar, then whatever powers of intui-

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tion and deduction we may have possessed have been lost irretrievably.

The plain fact, if we, too, may speak with "frankness that is perhaps brutal"—as it is high time somebody did—is that both England and France, selfishly, wantonly and foolishly, left Italy in the lurch at the critical moment and, largely at the instance and under the influence of the British representatives in this country, America did likewise. Lieutenant Bruno Roselli of the Eighty-third Infantry, Venice Brigade, told the plain truth when, on November 13, he spoke, as a soldier should speak, frankly and bravely to an American audience, these words:

> Three months ago Italy told America of her needs in coal and steel. Italy told the Allies that the way was open for the advance into Austria which would break the backbone of Austria and cut Germany off from giving any help to the Balkans and to Turkey. But America is not at war with Austria. There was delay. We Italians have tried that game of fighting one of the enemy. We fought Austria, refusing to declare war on Germany until we found German soldiers in Austrian uniforms, carrying the German soldier war books which recited that they had volunteered in the Austrian army. And while we fought Austria German spies lived upon us. That lesson must be taken to heart in America, for there are spies from Germany's allies here.
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> Promises were made by America of supplies, but it was necessary, it was said, to send troops abroad. And those men were anxious to fight. I know, because I have seen them. The promises could not be fulfilled, and in the time of delay Germany struck. Three months were lost in this country deciding whether steel or wooden ships should be built. And in the meantime Italy's warning went unheeded, and today we face a situation which will cost many American lives to repair.
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> This last victory of Germany's means that the decisive battle must come on the Franco-Flanders front. But three months ago the time was ripe for the Italians to go forward and break the Austro-German empire in two. Italy has paid for the mistake in the loss of 200,000 of my compatriots. If the Allies will learn the lesson of co-operation their loss will not be in vain.

Whether, indeed, the Allies will learn their lesson and this frightful loss will not have been in vain Heaven alone knows; if the record of criminal blundering as cited by Mr. Lloyd George with respect to all except his own delinquencies affords a true criterion, the contrary will surely eventuate; but the heartbreaking statements of this outspoken officer we know, from the lips of members of the Italian mission, to be facts; and so do the authorities in Washington.

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How did this awful mistake happen? Why was assistance denied to Italy in time to save not only herself but, as Lieutenant Roselli truly says, the "many American lives" that must pay the penalty? We could have done it easily. Despite all exculpatory assertions to the contrary, we had the coal and the steel and the ships. And we had the money, of course; else how could we have placed, as we did place with a great flourish, a great sum to the credit of Italy on the very day after the disaster took place, but alas, in the words of Lloyd George, "too late, always too late."

Money? Heavens above! More than three billions of dollars have been parcelled out to the various Allies. By whom? By the Secretary of the Treasury, who has no more to do with the war than we have and probably knows less about it, who is not even a member of the wonderful Council of National Defense, who has had to do the work of ten men—and has done it admirably—in raising these colossal sums. We pass no criticism upon his distribution; we do not question for a moment that he has made it carefully upon such information as he had; but what could he know of the crying need, let us say, of poor Italy and how could he ascertain her requirements while travelling from Maine to Oregon selling bonds?

But, we hear someone say, the President has to approve the Secretary's recommendations and he, of course, knows. Well, maybe so. But when, as Mr. Mark Sullivan records in *Collier's*, the detailed prosecution of the war has reached a point where the request of soldiers in a Southern camp for sweet potatoes in place of Irish could not be answered till it had been "put up to the President," one might, we should say, be pardoned for suspecting a certain degree of superficiality. In any case, we cannot escape the conclusion that, if the situation in Italy had been carefully studied by a competent War Council and the findings of that Council had been placed before the President in the form of a recommendation, this dreadful calamity might have been averted.

We assume that, before these words appear in print, the Supreme War Council will have been established at Versailles in substantial conformity with the plan proposed by the British Premier. That it is a step in the right direction there can be no doubt. Germany's military superiority lies

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in single control and direction as against the scattered efforts and aims of the Allies. Whatever tends to unify the forces fighting the great battle of civilization cannot fail to be helpful and we are convinced that, in time, despite the confusion which will ensue at first from inevitable conflicts of authority between the civilian Council, with its own military advisers, and the various General Staffs and the field officers, continuing experience will find a way. Unless all history is at fault, the appointment of a Generalissimo would seem to afford the true solution, but even though the existing national prejudices and individual jealousies could be overcome, the man is not in sight and is not likely to appear after more than three years from among the war-worn officers now in command. America, free from entanglements, seeking no aggrandizement or territorial advantages and the real master of the situation if she should see fit to exercise her obvious prerogative, may yet produce the leader so sadly needed. If so, God speed the day!

Clearly, however, the hope of such a development lies far in the future. At present, it is quite evident, our Allies, while deeply appreciative of the value of the United States as an aid, have no thought of recognizing her as an equal in shaping general policy. True, Mr. Bonar Law expressed a casual "hope" that this Nation would participate in the deliberations of the Supreme Council, but he did so perfunctorily, if not somewhat grudgingly, and the fact that our Government is not expected to take a prominent part is indicated by the circumstance noted above, that it was not even consulted, and by the provision in the first article that the Council should be "composed of the Prime Minister" —a title and position unknown to the United States—"and a member of each Government." We do not mean to intimate that this restriction was designed to exclude our Government; indeed, we do not doubt that even a private citizen personally representing the President would be deemed acceptable; we mention the matter only to show that the attitude and possible wishes of the United States were not even considered or probably thought of.

There appears, moreover, no sign that our own Government has formed an opinion with respect to the extent of the participation which it may desire or consider proper. For some reason, inexplicable to most of us and frankly distasteful to Lord Northcliffe's London *Times,* the Administration

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scrupulously refers to our Allies as "co-belligerents" and has not even paid them the courtesy of returning the visits of their distinguished missions. In fact, so far as we can make out, it cannot quite make up its mind whether it is wholly in or partly in or only looking on and biding events. We take for granted that the President has formulated within himself some policy which he considers would better be kept from the public for the present. What it may be we would not venture to surmise, but surely he must realize that the American people are not going to be satisfied to hazard millions of lives and expend billions and billions of money in an indefinitely prolonged war without having something effective to say about how that war is waged, especially in view of the way it has been botched for forty months. And if, as indicated by the Buffalo speech, the decision has finally been reached to go in for all we are worth to a finish, something must be done soon to obtain our directive rights or we may awake presently to realization that we are as much too late as we were in extending aid to Italy.

The whole difficulty, we fear, is to be found in the secret hope, even anticipation, both in Washington and in London that when this country, with its "boundless resources," should have been in the war long enough to make a tremendous showing by way of preparation, Germany would "crumple" and the war would come to an end. We frankly doubt if either the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy has really believed until quite recently, or perhaps believes even now, that this country would ever actually have an army of millions fighting in Europe. That the same illusion has possessed the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Interior we cannot even suspect; their sense and breadth would not permit; but the inherent pacifist is invariably a confirmed optimist; at this moment, in fact, unless public utterances convey wholly false symptoms, Mr. Daniels is far more concerned with his war on rum and gonorrhea than by the war of the United States on Germany.

To guess at the working of the President's own mental processes during this trying period would be to speculate idly because whatever may have been indicated by his appointment of his friend as an arranger of peace has been swept away by his reappointment of him as a wager of war. So now it seems safe to assume that at last, whether the President is leading the people or, as Mr. Roosevelt sug-

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gests, the people are leading the President, we have reached a firm foundation, from which to pursue a definite purpose. But the attainment is none the less easy; indeed, when we consider that it costs us fourteen times as much as it costs Germany to keep an equal number of soldiers on the firing line and that the maintenance of every one requires the continuous labor of four men at home, the undertaking seems even greater than we had supposed.

Nevertheless, it can be done if we first find and then retain a true perspective. So far, we have only been leaping grandly into the dark; now the time has come when we should proceed more sagaciously, more soberly and more prudently, in the light of events which have evolved a recognizable situation. Every step and every act, from this day forward, beginning with the reassembling of Congress, should be taken with a view to prosecuting a mighty war for at least five years. Accept that as a basis of calculation, reckoning all proposals with respect to finance, manufacture, transportation, aeroplanes, ships, munitions and men accordingly, and our whole scheme of preparation for ultimate but certain triumph will be revised necessarily and at once.

It does not suffice to say glibly that Germany can never win against the whole world; she has won up to date against a preponderant portion of the whole world and is still winning; what we have to do is not merely to prevent her from continuing her devastations but to win back what she has won—and more. It is, as we have said, not an easy task, nothing like as easy as it would have been a year or six months ago; since Russia has gone mad and Italy has bitten the dust, the magnitude of the essential undertaking has increased fourfold. And that is why we say that this is the darkest moment since the battle of the Marne.

But we do not despair; we are not even dismayed. Our mental gaze cannot pierce the cloud but our moral vision tells us that its lining is of silver; it must be; and we shall find it, never fear! Are we losing the war? No. But we are not winning it—and we have far, very far, to go.

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DAMN THE TORPEDOES!

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

"*Damn* the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!"

That was the order of the day one August morning in 1864, and the result was victory. That must be the order of the day at this time, if we are to win victory

That is, above all else, the lesson of Italy's disaster and of Russia's debacle. The instant comment upon those sickening tragedies was that if we had been more prompt in providing munitions of war, they would never have occurred.

It ought, indeed, to have been obvious and axiomatic to everybody, the moment that we righteously decided to accept Germany's insolent challenge to war, that our duty and our only rational course was to cry "Full speed ahead!" and then go to it. There were many who saw it, and said it, and did it so far as they could. But oh, the inertia and the indifference of the mass! And oh, the sophistry and folly of those who counselled a waiting policy!

The crowning folly, however, and the crowning disloyalty, would be still to persist in that fatuous course of expectancy and delay, after the tragic object-lessons which it has brought before us. Every moment of delay should be a thousand-fold convincing argument and appeal now, at last, to go "Full speed ahead!"

And "damn the torpedoes!"

By torpedoes we mean all obstacles, real or imaginary, that are in the way. The spirit of hesitancy, the passion of greed, the pride of opinion, and what not else—away with them all! The Republic is in peril; and "the safety of the Republic is the supreme law." Everything—we use the word in its most sweeping sense—everything must be subordinated to the one supreme need of winning this war; for if we do not win the war, we shall lose everything else.

The war is not ended yet. It cannot be ended until the Hun is crushed, and the Hun is not crushed yet. Of that fact the Russian and Italian cataclysms are only too painful reminders. We have not killed the snake. We have not even scotched it. We are not yet safe from the lethal venom of its fangs. The need of the hour is that we shall slay the creature, dead, dead, dead. We must, or it will slay us.

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That is why we are called upon to make haste, to the very utmost of our ability.

Our Allies are sorely stricken and distressed. Make haste to succor them before they fail. Our enemy is rampant and exultant. Make haste to strike him down before he increases his strength. Our own Republic is menaced by the possibility—it is still a possibility—of a Hunnish triumph.

"Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!"

THE JAPANESE AGREEMENT

"THE bearings of this observation," quoth the Ancient Sage, "lays in the application on it;" a sapient and lucid explanation which might with much pertinence be made concerning the "gentlemen's agreement" which has just been concluded between the United States and Japan concerning their respective rights in China and the future status of that country.

We find, for example, among some of what Rufus Choate called "glittering and resounding generalities" about the Open Door, Equality of Opportunity, Independence, and Territorial Integrity, the following:

> The Governments of the United States and Japan recognize that territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries, and, consequently, the Government of the United States recognizes that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous. . . . The Government of the United States has every confidence in the repeated assurances of the Imperial Japanese Government that, while geographical position gives Japan such special interests, they have no desire to discriminate against the trade of other nations or to disregard the commercial rights heretofore granted by China in treaties with other Powers.

We are quite willing to accept as axiomatic the general proposition that territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries, but we are by no means ready to concede that therefore Japan has special interests in China if by that stock phrase we are to understand interests different from and superior to those of other nations. For Japan's territorial propinquity to China is by no means unique. The contiguity of her possessions with China is neither unique nor of nearly as long standing as that of the territories of other Powers.

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The only Japanese territory which abuts upon China is Corea, which has belonged to Japan for only a little more than seven years. Great Britain, France and Russia have important territories abutting upon China along much more extended boundaries, which have belonged to them for much longer periods of time. It is therefore certainly pertinent to inquire whether they also are to be recognized as having, on grounds of territorial propinquity and contiguity, "special interests in China." If they have not, why not, if Japan is thus to be recognized? If they have, how do their special interests compare with those of Japan?

If we go beyond actual contiguity, and consider mere proximity, the same questions are raised in even more acute form. Our great American island of Luzon lies much nearer to the Chinese coast than does Japan itself, and scarcely further from the nearest important Chinese port, Canton, than does the nearest Japanese island, Formosa. In fact the Philippines have a propinquity to China differing only a little in degree and not at all in kind from that which Japan and her insular possessions have. If the propinquity of the latter is a basis for special interests, what becomes of that of the former?

We must in candor and friendship declare that upon the face of the case at least four other Powers; to wit, America, Great Britain, France and Russia, appear to have upon the ground of geographical position a title to special interests in China similar to that which is claimed by Japan and which Mr. Lansing's amiable note concedes to that Power; and we cannot help thinking that this "gentlemen's agreement" would have been stronger and would have given a surer guarantee of satisfactory permanence if it had in any way taken cognizance of that circumstance.

Again, the United States is made to express confidence that Japan has no desire "to disregard the commercial rights *heretofore* granted by China in treaties with other Powers." The italics are our own, and they call attention to the nub of the matter. Why, we are impelled to wonder, was that word "heretofore" inserted in Mr. Lansing's note? Has it any significance, as discriminating between treaties already made and those which may hereafter be made or be sought to be made? If it has no such significance, it is quite superfluous. Indeed, it is worse than superfluous, for it logically suggests a false idea. On the other hand, if it has such sig-

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nificance, the way is opened for endless trouble; for we shall be tacitly recognizing Japan's right to supervise all future treaties which are made between the United States and China, and to intervene at will against the granting therein of commercial rights and concessions to this country, a state of affairs which could scarcely prove satisfactory.

These questions are not disposed of by the repeated and resounding assurances that "the territorial sovereignty of China remains unimpaired" and that both America and Japan "always adhere to the principle of the so-called 'open door' or equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China." Neither are they satisfactorily met by the declaration that both America and Japan are "opposed to the acquisition by any Government of any special rights or privileges that would affect the independence or territorial integrity of China, or that would deny to the subjects or citizens of any country the full enjoyment of equal opportunity in the commerce and industry of China." This latter declaration is in itself eminently satisfactory. But how does it harmonize with that concession of "special interests"? We are in effect told that Japan has special interests in China which do not affect the independence or territorial integrity of that country, and which do not interfere with our enjoyment of equal opportunity with Japan herself in the commerce and industry of China. What, then, it will be asked, are those special interests? What is their scope? What do they affect, and effect? Of what value are they to Japan?

This agreement has been widely characterized as establishing a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East; suggesting, of course, that Japan is proclaiming such a doctrine in behalf of China, as we proclaimed it in behalf of Central and South America. In that view it will be pertinent to observe what "special interests" Japan should have in China, according to the analogy of our "special interests" in our American neighbors. As a matter of fact, there are none; or at any rate there are none beyond the limits already prescribed in the "open door" agreement of ten years ago. The United States does not claim and has never claimed any "special interests" in Latin America beyond the maintenance of the sovereignty and territorial integrity of those countries and the maintenance in them of the open door, or equality of opportunity in commerce and industry.

If there appear to be an exception to this rule in the sole

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case of the Isthmian Canal, the answer is ready and obvious. Our original transit concession was acquired as a complement to a guarantee of sovereignty and integrity, and our objection to the acquisition of such a concession by any other Power was based not upon any pretension of "special interests" but upon the infringement of sovereignty and integrity which it would involve. As a matter of fact, we never effectively opposed even such a concession, which was granted again and again to more than one foreign Power, and we are at this very moment cordially acquiescing in the existence of a great British railroad across the Mexican isthmus, in rivalry with our own canal at Panama.

All we have insisted upon is that independence, sovereignty, integrity and the open door shall be maintained. Beyond that, no consideration nor circumstance of territorial propinquity, geographical position, or contiguity, has so much as suggested anything resembling "special interests" which might not freely and equally be claimed and possessed by the whole world. If in that sense a "Monroe Doctrine for the Far East" is being applied to China, well and good. But in that case, why these references to "special interests" and to the maintenance of treaty rights "heretofore" granted?

BARNARD'S LINCOLN

[THE frontispiece of this number is an unsatisfying representation of George Gray Barnard's statue of Lincoln which has been sent, as a gift to the British Empire, to be set up in London. In consideration of the savage criticisms of what, as a layman, we regard as a masterpiece, largely manufactured in consequence of the expressed disapproval of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, we sought and present herewith excerpts from the expert judgments of Mr. Frederick Mac Monnies, sculptor, Mr. Thomas Hastings, architect, and Mr. Richard Fletcher, art critic.—EDITOR.]

BY FREDERICK MAC MONNIES

IN response to Colonel Harvey's request to write my view of Barnard's Lincoln, I feel called upon to say before doing so that I consider a nation-wide organized attack upon the serious work of any intellectual—whether scientist, musician, or artist—with the object of preventing its being carried out, is a dangerous precedent. Constructive criticism, based on logic, seasoned with sympathetic imagination, tempered with moderation, analyzing, illuminating,—never presuming to pass a final verdict, is wholesome. Destructive

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criticism, outgrowth of ignorance and prejudice, condemning wholesale and aiming at complete annihilation, stifles personal research and all true artistic impulse. The attempt to harness initiative to the push-cart of dullness is to hamstring the Pegasus of human ingenuity and genius, and limit personal vision to a uniform standard. Of all stagnations, standardization is the most sodden.

If standardization had obtained in 1889 the "hideous blot" upon the fair Paris Exposition—Eiffel's Tower, prototype in steel construction and inspiration of our masterly skyscrapers—would have been relegated to some office file and progress retarded. The Darwins, Whistlers, Marconis, and Monets would have been cast into outer darkness and their works permanently "skied" had their critics been listened to. As I told my friend Barnard: had his statue been the work of an unknown artist and had it seemed to me hopelessly bad, my defense of it against a barbarous boycott would be identical. I believe in liberty of action and freedom of expression, in speech, in sculpture, in everything. I could envy the man who had the courage of his opinion to shed encumbrances and live in an ash-barrel. Every great thinker and craftsman freed himself from conventional formulas—from Galileo to Michael Angelo, and from Michael Angelo to Edison—or they would have accomplished nothing.

An eminent painter, writer and critic recently said that Barnard had failed because his vision of Lincoln was not the vision of the rest of us.

"It is easy to see what Barnard was trying to do, and why," Mr. Cox said. "He was carrying out in his sculpture his ideal of Lincoln. Of course, no artist can make a portrait of the 'real Lincoln.' Lincoln is dead; and in any case all that the artist can do is to carry out his ideal. Barnard's was, as he himself has said, the democratic ideal. He wished to represent Lincoln, the man of the people. And to do that he accentuated all that was rough and grotesque in his figure and bearing. Barnard has, indeed, done for Lincoln something of what Rembrandt did in his figures of Christ. In representing the Man of Sorrows, the Christ of the people, he made a figure that was often ugly and grotesque. Barnard's ideal is entirely comprehensible.

"But where I join issue is with Mac Monnies's statement that the fact that Barnard has carried out his ideal is a sufficient answer to criticism. I do not think it is. I think the question is whether Barnard's ideal is our ideal, and whether a statue of Lincoln that is to represent this country abroad should not more truly speak our thought than Barnard's expression of his ideal does. Also there is the question whether Barnard's ideal is a sculpturesque ideal—should it be done in sculpture?"

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If Mr. Cox had lived in the sixteenth century, would he, in order to standardize vision and consequently to conform art to uniformity, prefer to tame the restless spirit of Michael Angelo and compel the groaning muscles of his statues into the elegant slenderness of a Jean Goujon, or would he build up weight and strength on one side and counsel banting on the other? Would he have permitted Rembrandt's "ugly and grotesque" figures of Christ at all?

Mr. Barnard has given his vision of Lincoln; personal, human, absolutely sincere; doubly interesting, as presenting another point of view than the majestic Lincoln of St. Gaudens. A distinguished committee has decided to present the statue abroad, as it conveys their idea of Lincoln, and they have a perfect right to do so, even if other American citizens, equally distinguished, prefer another statue.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS

You ask me to express my feeling as regards the Barnard statue of Lincoln.

I have the highest personal regard for the artistic ability of Mr. George Gray Barnard. While no artist who rises above mediocrity is always equally good in his work, there must always be something there to command the respect of the public and of his confreres. Realizing, as a working architect, how often the layman errs in his judgment upon architecture,—even when an artist other than an architect,—I hesitate to put myself in the same position, not being a sculptor.

However, I have always contended that all printed controversies and published adverse criticisms of works of art have done more harm for art in recent times than all other things put together. While a healthy discussion has existed since prehistoric times and is generally natural and wholesome, cheap print with the accompanying undeserved authority is of recent origin, and the kind of discussion which has recently been indulged in is only another example to establish a harmful precedent.

There are two ways of looking upon the statue,—first the question of propriety, which is one for the Commission itself to determine; and then the question of art, which would seem to determine itself because of the Commission being in such good hands.

I must confess that the photographs which I have seen of

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Mr. Barnard's Lincoln were cruelly distorted,—as is so often the case with photographic reproductions,—and gave me a completely erroneous impression of his work, which I discovered when I recently saw the original in bronze. In seeing the figure, however, as far as the question of propriety is concerned, I was much relieved, and think that it has been grossly misrepresented and caricatured. No one should judge of it without seeing the original.

BY RICHARD FLETCHER

Standing in the presence of the Barnard Lincoln in the studio in a grim foundry, one is silenced and dumbstruck.

But, for him who will not wing to the boundless spaces of the artist's ether, there is everything one expects in Lincoln. The beardless chin gives us the indomitable will, the invincible firmness. The eyes and brows are aglow with benevolence and pity. The large hands folded across his torso (the target for the casual critic) express the innate modesty of the man, the self-forgetfulness which is the model for all of us. Squarely planted feet, large and unalluringly shod, reinforce the magnificence of strength, the uncompromising courage. The clothes, the clothes about which one hears such comment—who can think of clothes at a moment of deep appreciation for the qualities of character? From the technical point of view one hears nothing. What querulous voice has spoken of the softness, the sympathy, which enshroud the surface of the bronze?

Impressions growing into thoughts subdue one into a sitting posture on a wooden bench as the massive figure towers above the sentient man. The first impression is that it does not look like Lincoln—but it is Lincoln. Scrutiny confirms this belief, as the Presidency—even the history of the man—is subsidiary to the man himself. Falling beneath the spell of Barnard's miracle in bronze, one feels that the sculptor has wrought more wonderfully than even in investing the statue with the idealism and the faith and strength of this Friend of Man. He has interpreted the spirit of the War of the Rebellion—that school room of our national education. Barnard has virtually translated an epoch into a figure in metal.

[We have only to add that, having actually seen this extraordinary creation, unlike Mr. Robert T. Lincoln and others who have condemned it, we concur unqualifiedly in these judgments.—EDITOR.]

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THE BALANCE SHEET OF THE SOLDIER-WORKMAN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

LET the reader take what follows with more than a grain of salt. No one can foretell—surely not this writer—with anything approaching certainty what will be the final effect of this war on the soldier-workman. One can but marshal some of the more obvious and general liabilities and assets, and try to strike a balance. The whole thing is in flux. Metals are going into the crucible at every temperature; and who shall say at all precisely what will come out, or what conditions the product issuing will meet with, though they obviously cannot be the same as before the war? For in considering this question, one must run into the account on either side not only the various effects of the war on the soldier-workman, but the difference his life will encounter in the future, so far as one can foresee; and this is all navigation in uncharted waters.

Talking with and observing French soldiers during the whole of last winter, and often putting to them this very question: How is the war going to affect the soldier-workman? I noticed that their answers followed very much the trend of class and politics. An Adjutant, or Sergeant, or a Catholic, would consider that men would be improved, gain self-command, and respect for law and order, under prolonged discipline and daily sacrifice. A freethinker of the educated class, or a private of Socialistic tendencies, on the other hand, would insist that the strain must make men restless, irritable, more eager for their rights, less tolerant of control. Each imagined that the war would further the chances of the future as they dreamed of it. If I had talked with capitalists—there are none among French soldiers—they would doubtless have insisted that after-war conditions

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were going to be easier, just as the "*sans-sous*" maintained that they were going to be harder, and provocative of revolution. In a word, the wish was father to the thought.

Having observed this so strongly, the writer of these speculations says to himself: "Let me, at all events, try to eliminate any bias, and see the whole thing as should an umpire—one of those pure beings in white coats, purged of all the prejudices, passions, and predilections of mankind. Let me have no temperament for the time being, for I have to set down—not what would be the effect on me if I were in their place, or what would happen to the future if I could have my way, but what would happen all the same if I were not alive. Only from an impersonal point of view, if there be such a thing, am I going to get even approximately at the truth."

Impersonally then, I note the credit facts and probabilities towards the future's greater well-being; and those on the debit side, of retrogression from the state of well-being, such as it was, that prevailed when war was declared.

First, what will be the physical effect of the war on the soldier-workman? Military training, open-air life, and plentiful food are of such obvious physical advantage in the vast majority of cases as to need no pointing out. And how much improvement was wanted is patent to anyone who has a remnant left of the old Greek worship of the body. It has made one almost despair of industrialized England, to see the great Australians pass in the streets of London. We English cannot afford to neglect the body any longer; we are, or are becoming—I know not which—a warped, stunted, intensely plain people. On that point I refuse to speak with diffidence, for it is my business to know something about beauty, and in our masters and pastors I see no sign of knowledge and little inkling of concern, since there is no public opinion to drive them forward to respect beauty. One-half of us regard good looks as dangerous and savoring of immorality; the other half look upon them as "swank," or at least superfluous. Any interest manifested in such a subject is confined to a few women and a handful of artists. Let anyone who has an eye for looks take the trouble to observe the people who pass in the streets of any of our big towns, he will count perhaps one in five—not beautiful—but with some pretensions to being not absolutely plain; and one can say this without fear of hurting

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any feelings, for all will think themselves of the five. Frivolity apart, there is a dismal lack of good looks and good physique in our population; and it will be all to the good to have had this physical training. If that training had stopped short of the fighting line, it would be physically entirely beneficial; as it is, one has unfortunately to set against its advantages—leaving out wounds and mutilation altogether—a considerable number of overstrained hearts, and nerves, not amounting to actual disablement; and a great deal of developed rheumatism.

Peace will send back to their work very many men better set up and hardier; but many also obviously or secretly weakened. Hardly any can go back as they were. But, while training will but have brought out strength that was always latent, and which, unless relapse be guarded against, must rapidly decline, cases of strain and rheumatism will for the most part be permanent, and such as would not have taken place under peace conditions. Then there is the matter of venereal disease, which the conditions of military life are undoubtedly fostering—no negligible factor on the debit side; we must write off the health of many hundreds on that score. To credit again must be placed increased personal cleanliness, much greater handiness and resource in the small ways of life, and an even more complete endurance and contempt of illness than already characterized the British workman, if that be possible. On the whole I think that, physically, the scales will balance pretty evenly.

Next, what will be the effect of the war on the mental powers of the soldier-workman? Unlike the French (sixty per cent of whose army are men working on the land), our army must contain at least ninety per cent of town workers, whose minds in time of peace are kept rather more active than those of workers on the land by the ceaseless friction and small decisions of town life. To gauge the result of two to five years' military life on the minds of these town workers is a complicated and stubborn problem. Here we have the exact converse of the physical case. If the army life of the soldier workman stopped short of service at the front one might say at once that the effect on his mind would be far more disastrous than it is. The opportunity for initiative, and decision, the mental stir of camp and depôt life is nil compared with that of service in the fighting line. And for one month at the front a man spends perhaps five at

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the rear. Military life, on its negative side, is more or less a suspension of the usual channels of mental activity. By barrack and camp life the normal civilian intellect is, as it were, marooned. On that desert island it finds, no doubt, certain new and very definite forms of activity, but anyone who has watched old soldiers must have been struck by the "arrested" look that is stamped on most of them—by a kind of remoteness, of concentrated emptiness, as of men who by the conditions of their lives have long been prevented from thinking of anything outside a ring fence. Two to five years' service will not be long enough to set the old soldier's stamp on a mind, but one can see the process beginning; and it will be quite long enough to encourage laziness, in minds already disposed to lying fallow. Far be it from this pen to libel the English, but a feverish mental activity has never been their vice; intellect, especially in what is known as the working-class, is leisurely; it does not require to be encouraged to take its ease. Someone has asked me: "*Can* the ordinary worker think less in the army than when he wasn't in the army?" In other words: "Did he ever think at all?" The British worker is, of course, deceptive; he does not look as if he were thinking. Where exactly does he get his stolidity—from climate, self-consciousness, or his competitive spirit? All the same thought does go on in him, shrewd and "near-the-bone"; life-made rather than book-made thought. Its range is limited by its vocabulary; it starts from different premises, reaches different conclusions from those of the "pundit," and so is liable to seem to the latter non-existent. But let a worker and an educated man sit opposite each other in a railway carriage without exchanging a word, as is the fashion with the English, and which of their two silent judgments on the other will be superior? I am not sure, but I rather think the worker's. It will have a kind of deadly realism. In camp and depôt life the mind standing-at-ease from many civilian frictions and needs for decision, however petty, and shaken away from civilian ruts, will do a good deal of thinking of a sort, be widened, and probably re-value many things—especially when its owner goes abroad and sees fresh types, fresh manners, and the world; but actual physical exertion, and the inertia which follows it, bulk large in military service, and many who "never thought at all" before they became soldiers, will think still less after! I may be cynical, but it

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seems to me that the chief stimulus to thought in the ordinary mind is money, the getting and the spending thereof; that what we call " politics," those social interests which form at least half the staple of the ordinary worker's thought, are made up of concern as to the wherewithal to live. In the army money is a fixed quantity that demands no thought, neither in the getting nor the spending; and the constant mental activity that in normal life circles round money, of necessity dries up.

But against this indefinite general rusting of mind machinery in the soldier-workman's life away from the fighting line certain definite considerations must be set. Many soldiers will form a habit of reading—in the new armies the demand for books is great; some in sheer boredom will have begun an all-round cultivation of their minds; others again will be chafing continually against this prolonged holding-up of their habitual mental traffic—and when a man chafes he does not exactly rust; so that, while the naturally lazy will have been made more lazy, the naturally eager may be made very eager.

The matter of age, too, is not unimportant. A soldier of twenty, twenty-five, even up to thirty, probably seldom feels that the mode of life from which he has been taken is set and permanent. He may be destined to do that work all his days, but the knowledge of this has not so far bitten him; he is not yet in the swing and current of his career, and feels no great sense of dislocation. But a man of thirty-five or forty, taken from an occupation which has got grip on him, feels that his life has had a slice carved out of it. He may realize the necessity better than the younger man, take his duty more seriously, but he must have a sense as if his springs were let down flat. The knowledge that he has to resume his occupation again in real middle age, with all the steam escaped, must be profoundly discouraging; therefore I think his mental activity will suffer more than that of the younger man. The recuperative powers of youth are so great, that very many of our younger soldiers will unrust quickly and at a bound regain all the activity lost. Besides, a very great many of the younger men will not go back to the old job. But older men, though they will go back to what they were doing before, more readily than their juniors, will go back with diminished hope and energy, and a sort of fatalism. At forty, even at thirty-five, every year

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begins to seem important, and several years will have been wrenched clean out of their working lives just, perhaps, when they were beginning to make good. Turning to the spells of service at the front—there will be no rusting there—the novelty of sensation, the demand for initiative and adaptability are too great. A soldier said to me: "My two years in depôt and camp are absolutely deadening; that eight weeks at the front before I was knocked over were the best eight weeks I ever had." Spells at the front must wipe out all or nearly all the rust; but against them must be set the deadening spells of hospital, that too often follow, the deadening spells of training that have gone before; and the more considerable though not very permanent factor—that laziness and dislocation left on the minds of many who have been much in the firing line. As the same young soldier put it: "I can't concentrate now as I could on a bit of work—it takes me longer; all the same where I used to chuck it when I found it hard, I set my teeth now." In other words, less mental but more moral grip.

On the whole, then, so far as mental effect goes, I believe the balance must come out on the debit side.

And, now, what will be the spiritual effect of the war on the soldier workman? And by "spiritual" I mean the effect of his new life and emotional experience, neither on his intellect, nor exactly on his "soul"—for very few men have anything so rarefied—but on his disposition and character.

Has anyone the right to discuss this who has not fought? It is with the greatest diffidence that I hazard any view. On the other hand, the effects are so various, and so intensely individual that perhaps only such a one has a chance of forming a general judgment unbiased by personal experience, and his own temperament. What thousands of strange and poignant feelings must pass through even the least impressionable soldier who runs the gamut of this war's "experience"! And there will not be too many of our soldier-workmen returning to civil life without having had at least a taste of everything. The embryo Guardsman who sticks his bayonet into a sack, be he never so unimaginative, with each jab of that bayonet pictures dimly the body of a Hun, and gets used to the sensation of spitting it. On every long march there comes a time that may last hours, when the recruit feels done up, and yet has to go on "sticking it." Never a day passes, all through his service, without some

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moment when he would give his soul to be out of it all and back in some little elysium of the past; but he has to grit his teeth and try to forget. Hardly a man who, when he first comes under fire, has not a struggle with himself that amounts to a spiritual victory. Not many who do not arrive at a "Don't care" state of mind that is almost equal to a spiritual defeat. No soldier, who does not rub shoulders during his service with countless comrades strange to him, and get a wider understanding and a fuller tolerance. Not a soul in the trenches, one would think, who is not caught up into a mood of comradeship and self-suppression that amounts almost to exaltation. Not one but has to fight through moods almost reaching extinction of the very love of life. And shall all this—and the many hard disappointments, and the long yearning for home and those he loves, and the chafing against continual restraints, and the welling-up of secret satisfaction in the "bit done," the knowledge that Fate is not beating, cannot beat him; and the sight of death all round, and the looking into Death's eyes—staring those eyes down; and the long bearing of pain; and the pity for his comrades bearing pain—shall all this pass his nature by without marking it for life? When all is over, and the soldier workman back in civil life, will his character be enlarged or shrunken? The nature of a man is never really changed, no more than a leopard's skin, it is but developed or dwarfed. The influences of the war will have as many little forms as there are soldiers, and to attempt precision of summary is clearly vain. It is something of a truism to suggest that the war will ennoble and make more serious those who before the war took a noble and serious view of life; and that on those who took life callously it will have a callousing effect. The problem is rather to discover what effect, if any, will be made on that medium material that was neither definitely serious nor obviously callous. And for this we must go to consideration of main national characteristics. It is—for one thing—very much the nature of the Briton to look on life as a game with victory or defeat at the end of it, and to feel it impossible that he can be defeated. He is not so much concerned to "live" as to win this life match. He is combative from one minute to the next, reacts instantly against any attempt to down him. The war for him is a round in this great personal match of his with Fate, and he is completely caught up in the idea of winning it. He

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is spared that double consciousness of the French soldier who wants to "live," who goes on indeed superbly fighting "*pour la France*" out of love for his country, but all the time cannot help saying to himself: "What a fool I am—what sort of life is this?" I have heard it said by one who ought to know, if anyone can, that the British soldier hardly seems to have a sense of patriotism, but goes through it all as a sort of private "scrap" in which he does not mean to be beaten, and out of loyalty to his regiment, his "team" so to speak. This is partly true, but the Briton is very deep, and there are feelings at the bottom of his well that never see the light. If the British soldier were fighting on a line that ran from Lowestoft through York to Sunderland, he might show very different symptoms. Still, at bottom he would always, I think, feel the business to be first in the nature of a contest with a force that was trying to down him personally. In this contest he is being stretched, and steeled—that is, hardened and confirmed in the very quality of stubborn combativeness which was already his first characteristic. Take another main feature of the national character—the Briton is ironic. Well, the war is deepening his irony. It must, for it is a monstrously ironic business.

Some—especially those who wish to—believe in a religious revival among the soldiers. There's an authentic story of two convalescent soldiers describing a battle. The first finished thus: "I tell you it makes you think of God." The second—a thoughtful type—ended with a pause, and then these words: "Who could believe in God after that?" Like all else in human life, it depends on temperament. The war will speed up "belief" in some, and "disbelief" in others. But, on the whole, comic courage shakes no hands with orthodoxy.

The religious movement that I think *is* going on is of a subtler and a deeper sort altogether. Men are discovering that human beings are finer than they had supposed. A young man said to me: "Well, I don't know about religion, but I know that my opinion of human nature is about fifty per cent better than it was." That conclusion has been arrived at by countless thousands. It is a great factor—seeing that the belief of the future will be belief in the God within; and a frank agnosticism concerning the great "Why" of things. Religion will become the exaltation of self-respect, of what we call the divine in Man. "The

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Kingdom of God" is within you. That belief, old as the hills, and reincarnated by Tolstoi years ago, has come into its own in the war; for it has been clearly proved to be the real faith of modern man, underneath all verbal attempts to assert the contrary. This—the white side of war—is an extraordinarily heartening phenomenon; and if it sent every formal creed in the world packing there would still be a gain to religion.

Another main characteristic of the Briton, especially of the "working" Briton, is improvidence—he likes, unconsciously, to live from hand to mouth, careless of the morrow. The war is deepening that characteristic too—it must, for who could endure if he fretted over what was going to happen to him, with death so in the wind?

Thus the average soldier-workman will return from the war confirmed and deepened in at least three main national characteristics: His combative hardihood, his ironic humor, and his improvidence. I think he will have more of what is called "character"; whether for good or evil depends, I take it, on what you connote by those terms, and in what context you use them. I may look on "character" as an asset, but I can well imagine politicians and trades union leaders regarding it with profound suspicion. Any way he will not be the lamb that he wasn't even before the war. He will be a restive fellow, knowing his own mind better, and possibly his real interests less well; he will play less for safety, since safety will have become to him a civilian sort of thing rather contemptible. He will have at once a more interesting and a less reliable character from the social and political point of view.

And what about his humanity? Can he go through all this hell of slaughter and violence untouched in his gentler instincts? There will be—there must be—some brutalization. But old soldiers are not usually inhumane—on the contrary they are often very gentle beings. I distrust the influence of the war on those who merely write and read about it. I think editors, journalists, old gentlemen, and women will be brutalized in larger numbers than our soldiers. An intelligent French soldier said to me of his own countrymen: "After six months of civil life, you won't know they ever had to 'clean up' trenches and that sort of thing." If this is true of the Frenchman, it will be more true of the less impressionable Briton. If I must sum up at all on what, for want

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of a better word, I have called the "spiritual" count, I can only say that there will be a distinct increase of "character," and leave it to the reader to decide whether that falls on the debit or the credit side.

On the whole then, an increase of "character," a slight loss of mental activity, and neither physical gain nor loss to speak of.

We have now to consider the rather deadly matter of demobilization. One hears the suggestion that not more than 30,000 men shall be disbanded per week; this means two years at least. Conceive millions of men whose sense of sacrifice has been stretched to the full for a definite object which has been gained—conceive them held in a weary, and, as it seems to them, unnecessary state of suspense. Kept back from all they long for, years after the reality of their service has departed! If this does not undermine them, I do not know what will. Demobilization—they say—must be slow and cautious. "No man should be released till a place in the industrial machine is ready waiting for him"! So, in a counsel of perfection, speak the wise who have not been deprived of home life, civil liberty, and what not for a dismal length of two, three, and perhaps four years. No! Demobilization should be as swift as possible, and risks be run to make it swift. The soldier-workman who goes back to civil life within two or three months after peace is signed, goes back with a glow still in his heart. But he who returns with a rankling sense of unmerited, unintelligible delay—most prudently of course ordained—goes back with "cold feet" and a sullen or revolting spirit. What men will stand under the shadow of a great danger from a sense of imminent duty, they will furiously chafe at when that danger and sense of duty are no more. The duty will then be to their families and to themselves. There is no getting away from this, and the country will be well advised not to be too coldly cautious. Everyone, of course, must wish to ease to the utmost the unprecedented economic and industrial confusion which the signing of peace will bring, but it will be better to risk a good deal of momentary unemployment and discontent rather than neglect the human factor and keep men back long months in a service of which they will be deadly sick. How sick they will be may perhaps be guessed at from the words of a certain soldier: "After the war you'll *have* to have conscription. You won't get a man to go into the

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army without!" What is there to prevent the Government from beginning now to take stock of the demands of Industry, from having a great land settlement scheme cut and dried, and devising means for the swiftest possible demobilization? The moment peace is signed the process of reabsorption into civil life should begin at once and go on without interruption as swiftly as the actual difficulties of transport permit. They, of themselves, will hold up demobilization quite long enough. The soldier-workman will recognize and bear with the necessary physical delays, but he will not tolerate for a moment any others for his so-called benefit.

And what sort of civil life will it be that awaits the soldier-workman? I suppose, if anything is certain, a plenitude, nay a plethora of work is assured for some time after the war. Capital has piled up in hands that will control a vast amount of improved and convertible machinery. Purchasing power has piled up in the shape of savings out of the increased national income. Granted that income will at once begin to drop all round, shrinking perhaps fast to below the pre-war figures, still at first there must be a rolling river of demand and the wherewithal to satisfy it. For years no one has built houses, or had their houses done up; no one has bought furniture, clothes, or a thousand other articles which they propose buying the moment the war stops. Railways and rolling stock, roads, housing, public works of all sorts, private motor cars, and pleasure requirements of every kind have been let down and starved. Huge quantities of shipping must be replaced; vast renovations of destroyed country must be undertaken; numberless repairs to damaged property; the tremendous process of converting or re-converting machinery to civil uses must be put through; State schemes to deal with the land, housing, and other problems will be in full blast; a fierce industrial competition will commence; and, above all, we must positively grow our own food in the future. Besides all this we shall have lost at least a million workers through death, disablement, and emigration; indeed, unless we have some really attractive land scheme ready we may lose a million by emigration alone. In a word, the demand for labor, at the moment, will be overwhelming, and the vital question only one of readjustment. In numberless directions women, boys, and older men have replaced the soldier workman. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers,

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especially among the first three million, have been guaranteed reinstatement. Hundreds of thousands of substitutes will, therefore, be thrown out of work. With the exception of the skilled men who have had to be retained in their places all through, and the men who step back into places kept for them, the whole working population will have to be refitted with jobs. The question of women's labor will not be grave at first because there will be work for all and more than all, but the jigsaw puzzle that Industry will have to put together will try the nerves and temper of the whole community. In the French army, the peasant soldier is jealous and sore with the mechanic, because he has had to bear the chief burden of the fighting, while the latter has to a great extent been kept for munition making, transport, and essential civil industry. With us it is if anything the other way. In the French army too the feeling runs high against the "*embusqué*," the man who—often unjustly—is supposed to have avoided service. I do not know to what extent the same feeling prevails in our army, but there is certainly an element of it, which will not make for content or quietude.

Another burning question after the war will be wages. We are assured they are going to keep up. Well, we shall see. Certain special rates will, of course, come down at once. And if, in general, wages keep up, it will not, I think, be for very long. Still, times will be good at first for employers and employed. At first—and then!

Some thinkers insist that the war has to an appreciable extent been financed out of savings that would otherwise have been spent on luxury. But the amount thus saved can easily be exaggerated—the luxury class is not really large, and against their saving must be set the spending by the working classes, out of increased wages, on what in peace years were not necessities of their existence. In other words the luxury or investing class has cut off its peace time fripperies, saved and lent to the Government; the Government has paid the bulk of this money to the working class, who have spent most of it in what to them would be fripperies in time of peace. It may be, it *is*, all to the good that luxurious tastes should be clipped from the wealthy, and a higher standard of living secured to the workers, but this is rather a matter of distribution and social health than of economics in relation to the financing of the war.

There are those who argue that because the general pro-

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ductive effort of the country during the war has been speeded up to half as much again as that of normal times, by tapping women's labor, by longer hours and general improvement in machinery and industrial ideas, the war will not result in any great economic loss, and that we may with care and effort avoid the coming of bad times after the first boom. The fact remains, and anybody can test it for himself, that there is a growing shortage of practically everything except—as they say—cheap jewelry and pianos. I am no economist, but that does seem to indicate that this extra production has not in any way compensated for the enormous application of labor and material resources to the quick-wasting ends of war instead of to the slow-wasting ends of civil life. In other words, an enormous amount of productive energy and material is being shot away. Now this, I suppose, would not matter, in fact might be beneficial to trade by increasing demand, if the purchasing power of the public remained what it was before the war. But in all the great countries of the world, even America, the peoples will be faced with taxation that will soak up anything from one-fifth to one-third of their incomes, and, even allowing for a large swelling of those incomes from war savings, so that a great deal of what the State takes with one hand she will return to the investing public with the other, the diminution of purchasing power is bound to make itself increasingly felt. When the reconversion of machinery to civil ends has been completed, the immediate arrears of demand supplied, shipping and rolling-stock replaced, houses built, repairs made good, and so forth, this slow shrinkage of purchasing power in publics, British and foreign, will go hand in hand with shrinkage of demand, decline of trade and wages, and unemployment, in a slow process, till they culminate in what one fears may be the worst "times" we have ever known. Whether those "times" will set in one, two, four, or even six years after the war is, of course, the question. A certain school of thought insists that this tremendous taxation after the war, and the consequent impoverishment of enterprise and industry, can be avoided, or at all events greatly relieved, by national schemes for the development of the Empire's latent resources; in other words, that the State should even borrow more money to avoid high taxation and pay the interests on existing loans, should acquire native lands, and develop swiftly mineral rights and other potentialities. I

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hope there may be something in this, but I am a little afraid that the wish is father to the thought here, and that the proposition contains an element akin to the attempt to lift oneself up by the hair of one's own head; for I notice that many of its disciples are recruited from those who in old days were opposed to the State development of anything, on the ground that individual energy in free competition was a still greater driving power.

However we may wriggle in our skins and juggle with the chances of the future, I suspect that we shall have to pay the piper. We have without doubt, during the war, been living to a great extent on our capital. Our national income has gone up, *out of capital,* from twenty-two hundred to about three thousand millions, and will rapidly shrink to an appropriate figure. Wealth may, I admit, recover much more quickly than deductions from the past would lead us to expect. Under the war's pressure secrets have been discovered, machinery improved, men's energies and knowledge brightened and toned up. The Prime Minister not long ago said: "If you insist on going back to pre-war conditions, then God help this country!" A wise warning. If the country could be got to pull together in an effort to cope with peace, as strenuous as our effort to cope with the war has been, I should not view the economic future with disquietude. But I am bound to point out that if the war has proved anything, it has proved that the British people require a maximum of danger dangled in front of their very noses before they can be roused to any serious effort, and that danger in time of peace has not the poster-like quality of danger in time of war; it does not hit men in the eye, it does not still differences of opinion, and party struggles, by its scarlet insistence. I hope for, but frankly do not see, the coming of an united national effort demanding extra energy, extra organizing skill, extra patience, and extra self-sacrifice at a time when the whole nation will feel that it has earned a rest, and when the lid has once more been taken off the political cauldron. I fancy, dismally, that a People and a Press who have become so used to combat and excitement, will demand and seek further combat and excitement, and will take out this itch amongst themselves in a fashion even more strenuous than before the war. I am not here concerned to try to cheer or depress for some immediate and excellent result, as we have all got into the habit of doing

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during the war, but to try to conjure truth out of the darkness of the future. The vast reconstructive process which ought to be, and perhaps is, beginning now, will, I think, go ahead with vigor while the war is on, and for some little time after; but I fear it will then split into pro and con, see-saw and come to something of a standstill.

These, so sketchily set down, are a few of the probable items—credit and debit—in the industrial situation, which will await the soldier-workman emerging from the war. A situation agitated, cross-currented, bewildering, but busy, and by no means economically tight at first, slowly becoming less bewildering, gradually growing less and less busy, till it reaches ultimately a bad era of unemployment, and social struggle. The soldier-workman will go back, I believe, to two or three years at least of good wages, and plentiful work. But when, after that, the pinch begins to come, it will encounter the quicker, more resentful blood of men who in the constant facing of great danger have left behind them all fear of consequences; of men who in the survival of one great dislocation to their lives, have lost the dread of other dislocations. The war will have implanted a curious deep restlessness in the great majority of soldier souls. Can the workmen of the future possibly be as patient and law-abiding as they were before the war, in the face of what seems to them injustice? I don't think so. The enemy will again be Fate —this time in the form of Capital, trying to down them; and the victory they were conscious of gaining over Fate in the war will have strengthened and quickened their fiber to another fight, and another conquest. The seeds of revolution are supposed to lie in war. They lie there, because war generally brings in the long run economic stress, but also because of the recklessness or "character"—call it which you will—which the habitual facing of danger develops. The self-control and self-respect which military service under war conditions will have brought to the soldier-workman will be an added force in civil life; but it is a fallacy, I think, to suppose, as some do, that it will be a force on the side of established order. It is all a question of allegiance, and the allegiance of the workman in time of peace is not rendered to the State, but to himself and his own class. To the service of that class and the defence of its "rights" this new force will be given. In measuring the possibilities of revolution the question of class rides paramount. Many

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hold that the war is breaking down social barriers and establishing comradeship, through hardship and danger shared. For the moment this is true. But whether that new comradeship will stand any great pressure of economic stress after direct regimental relationship between officer and man has ceased and the war is becoming just a painful memory, is to me very doubtful. But suppose that to some extent it does stand, we have still the fact that the control of Industry and Capital, even as long as ten years after the war, will be mainly in the hands of men who have not fought, of business men spared from service either by age or by their too precious commercial skill. Towards these the soldier-workman will have no tender feelings, no sense of comradeship. On the contrary—for somewhere back of the mind of every workman there is, even during his country's danger, a certain doubt whether all war is not somehow hatched by the aristocrats and plutocrats of one side, or both. Other feelings obscure this instinct during the struggle, but it is never quite lost, and will spring up again the more confirmed for its repression. That we can avoid a straitened and serious time a few years hence, I believe impossible. Straitened times dismally divide the classes. The war-investments of the working class may ease things a little, but war-savings will not affect the outlook of the soldier-workman, for he will have no war-savings, except his life, and it is from him that revolution or disorder will come, if it come at all.

Must it come? I think most certainly, unless between now and then means be found of persuading Capital and Labor that their interests and their troubles are identical, and of overcoming secrecy and suspicion between them. There are many signs already that Capital and Labor are becoming alive to this necessity. But, to talk of Unity is an amiable distraction in which we all indulge, these days. To find a method by which that talk may be translated into fact within a few years, is perhaps more difficult. One does not change human nature; and unless the interests of Capital and Labor are *in reality* made one—and factory conditions all over the country transformed on the lines of the welfare system—no talk of Unity will prevent Capitalist and Workingman from claiming what seems to them their rights. The Labor world is now, and for some time to come will be, at sixes and sevens in matters of leadership and responsibility; and this just when sagacious leadership and loyal following

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will be most needed. The soldier-workman was already restive under leadership before the war, returned to civil life he will be far more restive. Yet, without leadership, what hope is there of co-operation with Capital; what chance of finding a golden mean of agreement? But assume that the problems of leadership are solved, and Councils of Capital and Labor established, whose decisions will be followed —one thing is still certain: no half-measures will do; no seeming cordialities with mental reservations; no simulated generosity that spills out on the first test; nothing but genuine friendliness and desire to pull together. Those hard business heads which distrust all sentiment as if it were a poison are the most short-sighted heads in the world. There *is* a human factor in this affair, as both sides will find to their cost if they neglect it. Extremists must be sent to Coventry, "caste" feeling dropped on the one hand, and suspicion dropped on the other; managers, directors, and Labor leaders, all must learn that they are not simply trustees for their shareholders or for Labor, but trustees of a national interest that embraces them all—or worse will come of it.

But I am not presumptuous enough to try to teach these cooks how to make their broth, neither would it come within the scope of these speculations, which conclude thus: The soldier-workman, physically unchanged, mentally a little weakened, but more "characterful" and restive, will step out through a demobilization—that heaven send be swift, even at some risk—into an industrial world, confused and busy as a beehive, that will hum and throb and flourish for two or three years, and then slowly chill and thin away into, may be, the winter ghost of itself, or at best an autumn hive. There, unless he be convinced, not by words but facts, that his employer is standing side by side with him in true comradeship, facing the deluge, he will be quick to rise, and with his newly-found self-confidence take things into his own hands. Whether, if he does, he will make those things better for himself, would be another inquiry.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

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THE PLAN FOR A NEW WAR

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE proposal for another European war, to follow after a reasonable interval upon the conclusion of this one, is one which can evidently claim many influential adherents, and which can doubtless also claim many persuasive arguments. It is apparently suggested that if the present conflict could be concluded by an equalizing peace, without annexations or indemnities, without decisive victory or defeat, the European war which would naturally follow would be a more inspiring or satisfactory decision than anything which we can hope to make of the present one. There would be an interval for the recuperation of forces, the reconsideration of military problems, and the general recovery of nerve and tone; after which the combat could hardly fail to be renewed with a brighter inventiveness and a bolder spirit of adventure, which would make it a more attractive topic to the jaded journalist, as well as a more mature masterpiece for the contemplation of the imaginative historian. It is the experience of every sport, from chess to cricket, that the happiest and most original effects can hardly be expected towards the end of a hard day or a busy season; and a scientific and sternly realistic modern study of war has revealed the truth that three years of it are a little wearing. It is therefore proposed, in the best and highest interests of the war itself, that a truce of some years should now intervene, before our present experiences are repeated. It may be said that this is mere weakness, and an excuse for abandoning a task; but the very history of the proposal will be enough to reassure us in this respect. That this scheme is prompted by no unmanly indifference to the military art, but rather by the hope of raising that art to great heights in the future,

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is sufficiently established by a single fact. It is the fact that the prime movers in this proposal for a temporary peace are actually the very men who have always been, by their own claim as well as by their neighbors' experience, the only pure militarists in Europe. Those who propose this truce are the Prussians themselves.

The mere name of Prussia is sufficient guarantee that we shall not be tricked by a truce that is afterwards turned into a peace. It is at least an advantage of the specialist that he is not likely wholly to neglect his specialty; Berlin from its beginnings may justly claim to have cared for nothing in comparison with the perfecting of a military machine, for a certain type of military successes; and it would be very perverse and cantankerous to doubt that the machine, and all its original objects, are safe in the hands of their inventor. The truth is that it is the very artistry and ardor for their craft of these military artists of North Germany which make them call the halt which their petty depreciators are mistaking for a retreat. A study of their military masterpieces in the past will show that they have always known exactly when a pause was necessary for the very perpetuation of their effort. Frederick the Great, when he had taken Silesia from the Austrians and Poland from the Poles, made himself the special guardian of a truce so long and systematic as to lead many to imagine that a comparatively peaceful power had just entered the world. Yet this, as Bismarck pointed out when urging his hesitating sovereign to attack Denmark, did not prevent each of the princes of Potsdam, in turn, from adding to their responsibilities by the care of new provinces previously belonging to other people. After Jena, when Napoleon swept Prussia, the Prussians treated him with a judicious and thoughtful moderation which might be mistaken at first sight for extreme fear. Yet this was no obstacle to their afterwards watching their own interests as conquerors; and not only gaining advantages at the expense of their enemies, but advancing a well-considered proposal for gaining them at the expense of their friends.

After this again there was a lull long enough to discourage their less faithful and understanding subjects; and again they were gladdened and rewarded with deeds of chivalry against Denmark and France. And yet again in the present controversy the Germans do not disguise, but rather candidly proclaim and emphasize, that they have re-

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frained from assaults on their neighbors for fully forty years. And yet with what zest and freshness they flung themselves into their suspended enterprise only three years ago! What signs were there of bloodless lassitude or lifeless humanitarianism either in the plan or the process of the invasion of Belgium? By this analogy alone we may be reassured that these skilled disciplinarians are the best judges of their own need of a holiday; and that their discipline is never even relaxed, except with an object ultimately and legitimately military. An armistice proposed by the rulers of Germany will be an armistice in the genuine and loyal sense of the term; that is, an interlude in the use of arms: and will not, as is maliciously suggested, be a mere excuse for a relapse into the stagnation of pacifism.

But those who doubt the feasibility, or even the desirability, of a fresh start for the war (to follow on such a recreative interval) have another and more insidious expedient to belittle it. They prudently abandon the attempt to depreciate the permanent power of the North German for adventure and attack, and allege rather a weariness in the weaker races, a general reluctance in mankind, to repeat the present experiment in a better and bolder form. It is suggested that the average man of the average nation will, after all, find peace such a luxury that he will cling to it to the loss of the larger vision of a later Armageddon. This particular argument against the scheme for another war is at least not difficult to refute. To begin with, there is an obvious fallacy in it, founded on the very nature of war itself. It is, as a matter of experience, by no means easy for one man to remain permanently at peace with others who have a fine and inexhaustible enthusiasm for being at war with him. It is apt to appear as a somewhat one-sided peace, which might almost earn the description of a one-sided war. And the more active partner in such a social relation would certainly be stimulated to fresher activities, if the world had been accustomed to the conception of a peace without restitution or punishment; that is, the possibility of yet another settlement in which the assailant, if he fails to fare better, cannot possibly fare worse.

But even apart from this, there is a deeper refutation of such scepticism about the war of the future. Europe, even apart from Germany, can whole-heartedly be trusted to take up the work of war, after the necessary interval; so long as

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we are careful to conclude the present round, in the manner suggested by Germany, without any pretence of victory or vindication. For let the light and hasty condemners of the possibility of postponement consider this vital matter: the actual condition in which Europe will be left by the truce at present proposed. A peace without annexations or indemnities, in the sense of any changes of frontier or reparations through taxation, will be a peace leaving every one of the most perilous problems of Europe unsolved. It is a peace that is naturally proposed, and could only conceivably be proposed, by those who wish to leave the problems unsolved—for the present. Such a refusal to touch a single disputed topic would be imbecile as part of the comment upon a war that was really concluded. But it is obviously a highly honorable and chivalrous silence in the case of a quarrel that is merely deferred. It is but the barest justice to the many distinguished intellects that have suggested a peace of the *status quo* to assume that they cannot have meant it to be final.

That it cannot be final is, of course, proved by the plainest logic and analogy. It is obviously a case of something which exists in all civilized law, but which in English law is called an interim injunction. It is the only meaning of an interim injunction that it applies solely during the interim. To say that certain disputed things are to stay exactly as they are, means, and can only mean, that they ought not to be modified until the dispute can be more fully examined and settled. A man who has half built a house on land to which his title is disputed is told not to put on another brick until the courts have settled the dispute. But the whole and sole object of saying that the house shall remain as it is for a time lies in the fact that it cannot remain as it is forever. A halt is only called because it must be followed either by advance or retreat. Nobody who is not a lunatic can reasonably be accused of wanting the *status quo* to remain for ever, with one man having got half his house or the other man having lost all his land. Nobody who is not a lunatic can reasonably be accused of proposing a peace of the European *status quo* with any intention of it lasting for ever, or lasting at all, except until the time of the real trial and sentence; when the half-built house of the German hegemony of Europe will be either logically completed and made habitable, or logically condemned and pulled down. Until the decision it will, of

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course, be what a half-built house always is—merely a premature ruin. But the objections which exist against such a permanent "interim injunction" do not apply to the much more reasonable proposal now in view: that of an adjournment of the case until a time when it can more vehemently be debated.

Nor need we notify to any informed person the obvious fact that the concrete cases of continental politics are every bit as clear. The one example of Poland, for instance, is as plain a picture as that of the half-built house. It would be mere madness to suppose that the Poles, who have ceaselessly demanded their national unity while it seemed impossible, will suddenly cease even to desire it when they have been deliberately stirred and stimulated with new possibilities. It would be simply insane to think that a patriotism which remained proud when it was prostrate under three empires in alliance will lose all ambition to repossess its territory when it has actually seen the same three empires almost prostrate before it in supplication. If anybody has found a new reason for feeling himself important it is the Pole; and the very smallest measure of importance he can be expected to claim is the restoration of all his own territory, and not a third of it. Unless you give him Posen, you *simply do not give him Poland. If you give him Posen*, you take away what the Prussians would call a part of Prussia. Without some annexation of that sort you cannot possibly even modify the worst results of the worst annexation of all. You simply cannot strengthen Poland enough to satisfy any Pole unless you weaken Prussia enough to prevent any Prussian repeating his experiments of conquest and colonization. If you do anything less, you obviously leave the Polish patriot as patriotic as he was before, as unsatisfied as he was before, only much more sanguine and self-confident than he could possibly be before. Considering that he has launched three revolutions which were reckless in the sense that they were really hopeless, we can hardly doubt that with greatly improved chances he will at least show himself fearless. Therefore, even if the new provocation did not come from the Prussian it might very probably come from the Pole. In short, the problem is not solved; and is not really meant to be solved. I have taken this case because it is perhaps the most compact and conspicuous; but all Europe is a mosaic of similar cases. The whole European disease, which the war

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was once expected to cure, consisted in the fact that the lines of military and imperial occupation cut across and contradicted the lines of living tradition and human history. It cannot be meant seriously, as a piece of magnanimity or humanitarianism, to leave these artificial lines at the end of this European war precisely as they happened to be at the end of the last European war. It can only be meant, and no doubt it is meant, as a preliminary expedient with an eye to the next European war. And in the light of this more far-sighted calculation, as we have said, the whole proposal falls into rational proportions and is capable of rational defence. The phrases of Leninites and friends of immediate peace take their own dignified place. Mysterious utterances are illuminated with a logical significance; seemingly suicidal movements are seen to be directed to a definite end; and we begin to trace the trend towards a more universal and exhaustive trial of the nations in what would otherwise seem but a hash of half-witted sentimentalism and servile panic.

Thus again, to take another among the innumerable examples, it would be absurd to suppose that any competent student of the problem expects the Roumanians who people Transylvania to forget that their own flag has appeared among them and their own brethren promised, by their bodily presence, the ultimate rescue from the oppressor. No international theorist can be quite such a fool as to suppose that they will settle down for ever under the Magyar oligarchy after the intoxicating hope of such an irruption. But it is more generous to suppose that the international theorist, not being a fool, sees clearly that such an invasion must be remembered, and may be repeated; but wishes to wait till it can be repeated in a less random and imperfect manner, with more hope of definite success or of equally definite failure. He sees that the Roumanian attack was a fiasco and even the Germanic counter-attack ultimately a failure; and he hopes that all these gallant men may perhaps do themselves more justice in the great war which we are preparing for our grandchildren.

I trust that this truth may do something to check the superficial and over-obvious sneers that are directed at the "anti-annexation" party, and the language which misrepresents them as mere peace-mongers and unpatriotic poltroons. It is plain to demonstration that they must really

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be aiming at a solution which is not only military but perhaps even excessively militaristic. The truth is that our own rather prosaic and jog-trot patriotism, made mechanical by the tedium and repetition of three years' war, seems to fail us when we have to follow the far-off visions of victory and vengeance which must now be exalting the prophetic spirits of M. Lenin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Theirs, we need not deny, is the more daring and devastating plan of battle, theirs the deeper and more enduring thirst for glory and for just revenge; and all they say and do is undoubtedly directed, with a finer consistency than we can claim, to the precise achievement of these ideals. Just as we are familiar in modern discussions with the idea of a mind which liberates itself from some small doctrinal religion in the search for a larger and truer religion, so men like Mr. La Follette in America or Mr. Snowden in England are only abandoning the present limited war in order to find liberty and peace in the broad bosom of a larger, truer, more universal war to be sought, like all good things, in the future. It is foolish indeed to accuse such men of any failure in courage. From the colossal dimensions of the carnage which they prepare even a Pacifist might almost shrink. Nor is their wisdom less worthily proved than their valour; for if the ideal to be pursued is that of a sure and certain hope of the resurrection of war in Europe, it would be impossible to find a better, among a million expedients, than the precise expedient they have chosen. It would be impossible so perfectly to combine all possible precautions against peace, as by this one method of letting all the nations accumulate more and more aggravated motives for conquering Germany; and then to cease firing suddenly, so as to convince Germany that she cannot be conquered.

And yet the proposal for a new war leaves me unsatisfied. Perhaps I lay myself open to the charge of a maudlin and materialistic pity; but I confess I cannot rise to the robust romanticism of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden. I admit that if the joy of battle be their only concern, the joy has largely departed from this battle; and might reappear in fresher colors in that future conflict in which a new generation of soldiers may be equally stubborn and less stale. I admit that the emotions with which that great Pacifist, Maximillian Harden, hailed the actual outbreak of hostilities, the joyful pæan in which he proclaimed that the

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stronger power need care nothing for right and wrong, but towers like the tree over lesser vegetation—I admit that if we value Germany for these genial expansions, Germany is now rather too depressed to provide us with them; and I admit that Germany, after a few years' rest, would almost certainly be ready to cheer us with them once more. I know that her soldiers are already suffering from low spirits and lassitude, so that they have no longer the heart for the lighter side of militarism, and can now only with a conscious effort execute the most insignificant priest or efface the least famous historical monument; I know that the gusto has gone from some of these things, and I know that it has gone only for a time. I know that nothing is needed but a holiday, a little change and rest, to give us back once more the German soldier we have known and loved. But after all, the fact of his depression cuts both ways. It is at least a proof that he is at the end of his powers, and that a few more blows will relieve us of the burden of this unsatisfactory war without the necessity of planning a more satisfactory one for the future. If the Allies persist, it is certain that they can forcibly destroy the Prussian power; and reconstitute Poland or the Balkans or Bohemia or Alsace-Lorraine upon what principle they please. It is certain that we can really end the Germanic peril by really ending the present war. And if, in doing so, we must bid farewell to the hope of another and more glorious war in the immediate future, we must remember that all good is gained by sacrifice, and be content.

For though I know that the new Pacifists will laugh at my sentimentality, I cannot for the life of me overcome a weakness of repugnance at the thought of these horrors being so soon and so systematically repeated. There seems something almost shocking, if I may be allowed the term, in the composure with which these philosophers have sat down to plan a new war in the last agony of this one. And there seems almost, if I may dare to hint at such a thing, something a little mean in passing our own last days in a recuperative rest camp, when we have already loaded the huge weapons and set up the horrible war-engines which are to torture and dismember the children now playing in the nurseries and the lanes.

G. K. Chesterton.

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WAR-TIME REFLECTIONS ON THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST LAW

BY GEORGE KENNAN

SINCE the United States Supreme Court decided, in 1897 and 1898, that the Sherman Anti-Trust law was applicable to railroads as well as to other business corporations, the provisions of that law and the interpretations given to them by the courts have been the subjects of almost incessant criticism and controversy. Railway managers have never ceased to contend that unrestricted competition is not only wasteful but positively injurious to everybody concerned, while combination and consolidation tend to promote efficiency as well as economy and are, therefore, advantageous both to shippers and to the holders of railroad securities. The Government and the courts, on the other hand, have quite as persistently maintained that unrestricted competition is essentially beneficial and desirable; that centralization of railway control is objectionable for the reason that it eliminates such competition, and that railroad combinations of all sorts—especially those which create great systems by uniting separate and competing units—have a tendency to establish monopolies and are, therefore, "a menace to the public welfare."

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the Sherman Anti-Trust bill became law; but the questions raised by it never have been finally settled, and the Government never has relaxed its efforts to break up and dissolve railroad combinations. Now, in 1917, when our country is engaged in war, and when the railroads of the United States, regardless of the Sherman law, have virtually combined into one great national system under unified control, it seems a fitting time to review again the dealings of the Government with railroad combinations and to determine, if possible, who has been right and who wrong in this long continued controversy.

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More than forty years ago, railway managers became convinced that unrestricted competition was prejudicial to the interests of both shareholders and shippers. It injured the former by reducing their profits, and the latter by vitiating all commercial contracts that were dependent upon equality and stability of rates. A shipper or manufacturer could not safely make plans for the future unless he felt sure that transportation rates would remain substantially unchanged, nor could he enter into contracts for future delivery unless he had some guarantee that when the time should come for the shipment of his goods, he could get them carried to their destination as cheaply as could any of his business rivals. Cut-throat competition between railroads, with the frequent changes and wide discriminations that it necessarily involved, deprived him of all security and introduced an element of uncertainty into every business transaction.

With a view to avoiding these and other evils of unrestrained competition, the railways, after the disastrous rate wars of 1875 and 1878, entered into what was known as "pooling" agreements, by virtue of which freight was apportioned among the several competing roads, or receipts from traffic were divided among them, in such a way as to secure equality and stability. These agreements were not intended to raise rates or to keep them at an unduly high level; their object was to steady rates—to avoid the competitive changes, differences and discriminations which were as upsetting to the calculations of producers and shippers as they were unprofitable to the railroads themselves.

For a period of ten or twelve years, the "pooling" system worked fairly well; but the public mind became obsessed with the idea that rates could be reduced and kept low only by the unrestrained competition of carriers; and every effort of railway managers to secure uniformity and stability was regarded as a conspiracy to extort money from the people. In 1887, Congress, paying more heed to popular clamor and demagogic appeals than to facts or reason, inserted in the Interstate Commerce bill a section which made "pooling" agreements unlawful. Although this section, as a well-known economist has said, "was suggested and carried through by one of those spasms of demagogism which have done so much to retard progress," it completely thwarted the attempt of the transportation companies to stabilize rates by means of recip-

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rocal agreements. Railway managers then tried to get the same results by organizing joint traffic associations, which controlled rates through tariff concessions and co-operative adjustments. This plan also worked well for a time, but just as it was becoming most effective it was prohibited by the Supreme Court on the ground that it brought about a restraint of trade and consequently violated the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

Urged on by the extreme need of stabilizing rates, as well as by considerations of efficiency and economy, the railroads then began to combine into large systems, each of which dominated traffic conditions over a large area. Some of these consolidations were made through purchases or leases, some through stock holdings, and some through that form of unified control known as "a community of interest." The most famous of these combinations, perhaps, was that which, under the name of "The Northern Securities Company," merged or consolidated the interests of four great western roads, viz., the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern and the Burlington. This combination was prosecuted by the Government, and in 1904, the United States Supreme Court decided that it violated the Sherman Anti-Trust law by restraining trade—or by having power to restrain trade—and that it must, therefore, be dissolved. This decision, although it was made by a majority of only one, effectively checked the tendency to corporate consolidation and prevented, undoubtedly, the formation of other and perhaps even larger railroad systems.

The Government, however, was not satisfied with mere prevention of future combinations. Encouraged and strengthened by the support of the highest judicial authority, it proceeded to break up railroad systems that had been in existence for ten, twenty, or even thirty years. In 1910, for example, it began proceedings to compel the dissolution of the New England combination of the New York, New Haven & Hartford; in 1912, it broke up the Harriman combination by separating the Southern Pacific from the Union Pacific, and in 1914, it attacked the combination of the Southern Pacific with the Central Pacific which had been in existence since 1885.

This long continued prosecution of railroad combinations naturally raises the question: Against what evil, or assumed evil, were these repressive measures directed? The argu-

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ments of counsel and the decisions of the court leave no room for doubt that railroad agreements and combinations were prohibited because they were supposed to raise transportation rates, or to maintain such rates at an unduly high level. But, as a matter of fact, did they do this? During the period of "pooling" and joint traffic associations, that is, between 1870 and 1890, there was a decrease in freight rates of about fifty per cent. If railroad "pools" and agreements had a tendency to increase rates, or even to maintain them, why did not this tendency become apparent when there were no laws to prevent or check it?

If we take the era of railroad mergers and consolidations—the period during which the grouping of railroads into large systems proceeded most rapidly—the decline in rates is equally noticeable. In the quarter of a century that ended with 1908, when nearly all the great railroad combinations were formed, freight rates per ton-mile decreased from an average of 1.22 cents to an average of 0.77 cents, or nearly forty per cent. The saving to shippers by this reduction of rates was approximately one billion dollars in eighteen years on only one of the large western systems—the Great Northern.

In the half century that has elapsed since the Civil War, there never has been a time when railroad "pools," agreements, or combinations increased rates, or even maintained them at a fixed level. On the contrary, there has been throughout that period a steady and continuous decline, which has brought down ton-mile rates on such a railroad as the Pennsylvania from two and a half cents to six mills. The conclusion seems to be irresistible that the high-rate evil, against which the prohibitory sections of the Interstate Commerce law and the Sherman Anti-Trust law were directed, did not exist—it was wholly imaginary.

The only other evil alleged as a reason for prohibiting combinations was that the size of the systems that might be formed would tend to produce monopolistic conditions over wide areas and thus give the railroads undue power. But they could exercise that power to the prejudice of the public interest only in one way—by making an excessive charge for the service that they rendered. Theoretically, of course, railroad managers, if they had a complete monopoly of transportation in a given area, or between two given points, might fix almost any rates; but practically they would still be sub-

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jected to a very effective economic restraint. If they made charges too high, they would lessen, cripple or destroy the traffic upon which their profits depended. Mr. E. H. Harriman long ago pointed out the fact that no railroad, or combination of railroads, can charge exorbitant rates without throttling or paralyzing the industries along its lines. "It is impossible," he said, "for a railroad to sever its interests from those of its patrons. Its life blood is drawn from their prosperity, and it must furnish them with adequate and ever increasing facilities at reasonable rates. The widespread popular impression that a railroad company can extort money from the public at will, and in defiance of the laws of trade, is not justified by the facts."

As a matter of history, the great railroad combinations formed between 1887 and 1905—combinations that were said to be monopolistic in nature or tendency—did not fix unreasonably high rates. Proof of this is furnished by the records of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In response to a Senate resolution of inquiry, adopted January 13, 1905, the Commission reported that in the eighteen years of its existence it had heard 9,099 complaints, relating to all sorts of railroad methods and practices. Thousands of them charged unjust discrimination between persons or places, but not one alleged exorbitant rates.

The records of the great railroad combinations that were in existence during the period covered by the Commission's report furnish additional proof that although the grouping of railroads into large systems enormously increased the service rendered, it did not increase the rates charged. Between 1898 and 1909, for example, the Union Pacific Company increased its capacity for handling freight by about 140 per cent, while at the same time it lowered rates by an average of sixteen per cent. Abundant facilities are often as important to shippers as low rates; the Union Pacific furnished both. On the Great Northern system, during approximately the same period, there was also a great increase of facilities, accompanied by a reduction of rates which saved shippers one hundred million dollars in a single year. Both of these systems were prosecuted by the Government under the Sherman law, upon the ground that by means of combination they aimed to monopolize traffic and increase charges. Rates on some of these western combined lines finally became so low that for the cost of a two-cent postage

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stamp a farmer could have a ton of freight carried two miles and a quarter; for the price of an ordinary lantern globe he could have it moved sixteen miles, and for the price of ten pounds of 10-penny nails he could send it forty-four miles. The transportation of a ton of freight for a distance of 138 miles cost him less than he had to pay for a good milk pail, and for the price of a No. 2 Ames shovel he could have a ton of freight carried 166 miles. Such low rates as these were undoubtedly due, in part, to the reduction of grades, the straightening of curves, the use of heavier equipment, and the many other improvements in the art of railroading which Mr. Harriman, in particular, advocated and introduced; but they were also due, in very large part, to the increased efficiency and economy which the grouping of railroads into big systems made possible.

Not one of the western combinations had anything like a complete monopoly of the territory that it served; but the results of a *nearly* complete monopoly may be found in the history of one of the great eastern systems, namely, the Pennsylvania. "For many years," Professor Mead says, "the Pennsylvania has been dominant in the State of Pennsylvania, and has enjoyed the largest advantage from the traffic of the middle Atlantic seaboard. Its rivals have cut into long-distance traffic, but in the most valuable portions of this eastern territory the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has supplied the majority of shippers with their transportation facilities. If there were any truth in the assertion that railroad monopoly is injurious to the interests of the shipper, it would appear in the territory which the Pennsylvania controls. As a matter of fact, the unprecedented growth of this section in wealth and prosperity offers a striking refutation of the claim that competition is the life of trade. It is not to the interest of the Pennsylvania Company, although its power in most of this eastern territory is unquestioned, to exact unfair rates from the shipper. Not by such methods can a large traffic be built up. A railroad which abuses its power and follows a policy of extortion is working directly against its own interests. The policy of the Pennsylvania has been to leave a liberal margin of profit to the shipper, in order to encourage him to expand his business and furnish more freight to the railroad. The success of this policy is written in the prosperity of the corporation, and even more legibly in the prosperity of the territory which it serves."

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There have undoubtedly been a few monopolies which, under the direction of greedy and short-sighted managers, have tried to make large and immediate profits by charging unreasonable rates; but such monopolies must always be self-destructive for the reasons that Mr. Harriman and Professor Mead have given. They cannot possibly last long, even though there be no anti-trust law to suppress them.

If the evidence above set forth shows, as it seems to show, that combinations do not raise rates, and that transportation monopolies injurious to the shipper or the public are short-lived and self-destructive, what remains of the Government's anti-combination case? Nothing, apparently, except the vague and unsupported charge that big combinations are a "menace to the public welfare." This assertion, for which no proof is offered, was discredited nearly four centuries ago. In 1522, the Diet of Nuremberg appointed a committee to investigate the evils said to be caused by the combination of merchants into great companies. In explaining its reasons for doubting the expediency of a restrictive policy, the committee said:

> It is impossible to limit the size of the companies, for that would limit business and hurt the common welfare. The bigger and more numerous they are the better for everybody. If a merchant cannot do business above a certain amount, what is he to do with his surplus money? Some people talk of limiting the earning capacity of investments. This would be unbearable and would work great injustice and harm by taking away the livelihood of widows, orphans and other sufferers who derive their income from investments in these companies . . . Hence, anyone can see that the idea that the companies undermine the public welfare ought to be seriously considered.

This ancient record of one of the earliest investigations of trusts might well be thoughtfully considered by Congressmen who sought to restrain railroad combinations because they were "a menace to the public welfare," and by Interstate Commerce Commissioners who limited the earning capacity of transportation companies and thus "took away the livelihood of widows, orphans, and other sufferers" who were dependent upon investments for support.

We are supposed to have learned something in the course of four hundred years—but have we? The Diet of Nuremberg, in 1522, seems to have had a clearer comprehension of economic law than had the American Congress of 1890, and a better understanding of the public welfare than had the Interstate Commerce Commission of 1915-16.

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If the Sherman Anti-Trust law was bad in its conception, it was made much worse by the judicial interpretation given to its language. In the argument before the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case, counsel for the Government argued that the words " restraint of trade " were equivalent in meaning to the words " restraint of competition." The majority of the court, unfortunately, adopted this view and based its decision mainly upon it. The two phrases, however, are not synonymous, and this fact was clearly pointed out in the dissenting opinion of Justice Holmes. The words " combination in restraint of trade " have a definite and long established signification in the common law. They mean, and have always been understood to mean, a combination made by men engaged in a certain business for the purpose of keeping other men out of that business. " The objection to trusts," Justice Holmes said, " was not the union of former competitors, but the sinister power exercised, or supposed to be exercised, by the combination in keeping rivals out of the business and ruining those who were already in. It was the ferocious extreme of competition with others, not the cessation of competition among the partners, that was the evil feared." " There is no attempt to monopolize and no combination in restraint of trade, until something is done to exclude strangers to the combination from competing with it in some part of the business which it carries on." " Size, in the case of railroads, is an inevitable incident." " The size of the combination is reached for other ends than those which would make them monopolies. The combinations are not formed for the purpose of excluding others from the field."

" Much trouble is caused," Justice Holmes said, " by substituting other phrases, assumed to be equivalent, which are then argued from as if they were in the act. The court below argued as if maintaining competition were the express object of the act. The act says nothing about competition."

This judicial substitution of the words " restraint of competition " for the words " restraint of trade," which four members of the court regarded as wholly unwarranted, has made all of the resultant " trouble," not only for the railroads but for business men in general. Never has a feat of verbal gymnastics been more damaging to commercial and transportation interests, or more injurious to the interests of the public at large.

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For some of the worst consequences of the Sherman Act Congress should not be held responsible. It probably did not intend that the act should apply to railroads, and it almost certainly did not anticipate that the words "combination in restraint of trade" would be interpreted as meaning "combination in restraint of competition." A bare majority of the Supreme Court substituted the latter phrase for the former, and it probably did so, as Justice Holmes shrewdly suggested, because "there was a natural inclination to assume that the act was directed against certain great combinations, and to read it in that light."

If, as a matter of fact, railroad combinations have not caused the evils generally attributed to them, do they, in reality, possess the advantages claimed for them by their creators? One of the most important of these advantages is, undoubtedly, the physical improvement of weak or financially embarrassed roads as the result of incorporation in richer and more powerful systems. When a strong railroad, with large earning power and high credit, combines with a weaker and poorer competitor, it enables the latter to serve the public far better than it ever could alone. A weak road generally has difficulty in getting money for improvements, and it always has to pay high rates for its borrowed capital. At the minimum price fixed by a State Commission it may not be able to sell a single share of its stock, in which case it must borrow on bond and mortgage, or on short term notes, and thus increase fixed charges which may already be dangerously great. All railroad managers are reluctant to do this, because it lessens financial strength; so they avoid it as long as possible by cutting down expenditures for maintenance and betterments, thus impairing the road's efficiency and usefulness. Scores of railroads have deteriorated physically because they have been forced to economize in this way, and many more have been thrown into the hands of receivers as the result of trying to carry a large floating debt, or of increasing their bonds out of all proportion to their stock. Combination with a rich and powerful road immediately changes this state of affairs. The stronger company lends its money or its credit to the weaker and thus enables the latter to improve its track and increase its equipment without running the risk of financial insolvency.

This is what Mr. Harriman did for the Southern Pacific. That road never would have been able to spend $240,000,000

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for betterments in eight years, if, by its merger with the Union Pacific it had not secured the benefit of the latter's credit and Mr. Harriman's incomparable management. Its improved service and increased public usefulness, therefore, were the direct result of what the United States Supreme Court called a "combination in restraint of trade." Such results have almost always followed the combination of a strong road with a weaker rival, and its beneficial effect, so far as the public welfare is concerned, hardly needs to be pointed out. If railroads had been left free to combine into systems whenever economic considerations made such a course expedient, and if the Interstate Commerce Commission had refrained from impairing railroad credit and crippling railroad efficiency by limiting profits, the public would have had better transportation service; tens of thousands of small investors would have kept the money that "predatory" legislation took away from them, and one-sixth of the railway mileage of the United States would have remained in the hands of its owners instead of going into the hands of receivers.

Another great advantage that a combination has over separate, unrelated roads lies in its power to route freight and distribute cars, over a wide area, in such a way as to make service to the public most efficient. One road, for example, may have a preponderance of east-bound freight, while a nearly parallel competitor sends most of its freight westward. If they are separate organizations, each returns a large part of its cars empty, while if they are parts of a system, the cars are routed eastward on one road and westward on the other, so that they go both ways full. Then, too, one road may be more suitable for fast passenger service, while the other is better adapted to slow freight. If they are parts of the same system, the traffic may be routed so as to secure the best results for all concerned, while if each is independent of the other, there must inevitably be wastes and duplications.

The economy and efficiency secured by standardization of equipment is another advantage of combination which should not be overlooked. Under the Harriman administration of the Union and Southern Pacific systems, all material things used in the operation of a railroad, from locomotives and cars to rails, frogs, switches, wrenches, nuts, bolts, oilboxes and journal bearings, were standardized and made uniform. On the lines of the separate companies there were originally

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nearly fifty patterns of frogs; they were reduced to four. There were nearly a hundred different kinds of journal bearings; they also were reduced to four. This policy of standardization, which would not have been possible without unified control, not only reduced cost by enabling the allied companies to purchase such supplies in immense quantities, but effected a great saving in time. If, before the merger, a Union Pacific car lost an oil box at San Francisco, it might be necessary to send to Ogden or Omaha for a new one. If a Southern Pacific car broke down at Butte, Montana, the part needed for repair might have to be brought from Sacramento, or from some Southern Pacific centre a thousand miles away. Combination and standardization made it possible to obtain any needed part of equipment at almost any place between Louisiana and Oregon.

These and other advantages of co-operation as compared with competition were repeatedly pointed out by two of the greatest masters of the art of railroading that our country has ever produced—E. H. Harriman and James J. Hill.

Even the Interstate Commerce Commission, at one time in its history, had a clear perception of the benefits to be derived from railroad combination. Thirty years ago, Thomas M. Cooley, who was perhaps the ablest and most far-sighted chairman that the Commission ever had, said, in the Omaha Board of Trade case:

> The more completely the whole railway system of the country can be created as a unit, as if it were all under one management, the greater will be the benefit of its service to the public, and the less the liability to unfair exactions.

The combination of railroads on a national scale, which would have been condemned and resisted by Congress and the courts in time of peace, has come to pass under the strain of war. Why? Simply because railroad managers were aware, and the public is now beginning to see, that co-operation under unified control makes for efficiency.

On the 11th of April, 1917, only five days after our Government declared war against Germany, representatives of all the railroads in the United States got together and patriotically agreed that they would unite, for the purpose of serving the country more efficiently, and would operate their 262,000 miles of track as a single national system, under the direction of an Executive Committee consisting of five of

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their highest and ablest officials. This gigantic combination has now been in existence about six months, and the results of the unified control that it has made possible fully justify all that Judge Cooley said of it thirty years ago.

According to the latest bulletins of the Executive Committee, or "Railroad War Board," car shortage (the excess of unfilled car requisitions over idle cars) has been reduced more than seventy-five per cent. By transferring equipment from one railroad to another, regardless of ownership, the Executive Committee has been able to send 125,000 empty cars to districts where they were most needed, and has thus avoided freight congestion at all important shipping points. Through the "pooling" of lake coal and ore, it has made a saving of 52,000 cars, and by "pooling" tidewater coal, it has saved 133,000 more, thus making possible the transportation of 76,000,000 bushels of grain for our European allies. By eliminating unnecessary passenger trains it has reduced passenger train mileage by 25,000,000 miles; has released for more important work hundreds of locomotives and train crews, and has cleared thousands of miles of track for war freight. In the first five months of combined operation, the railroads increased the amount of bituminous coal carried by 578,000 carloads, or about 29,000,000 tons, as compared with the same four months in 1916. In the month of June last, the freight transportation service rendered by only three-fourths of the railroads comprised in Class 1, was twenty-three per cent greater than in the corresponding month of the previous year—an increase approximately equal to the entire freight of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Austria combined. In addition to this unprecedented movement of freight, the allied roads have carried 100,000 carloads of building material and supplies for camps and cantonments and have handled troop movements involving more than one million men—687,000 recruits for the National Army and 350,000 members of the National Guard. These soldiers were taken from 4,531 local concentration points and were carried to scores of camps and cantonments in all parts of the country. We may partly understand what this movement of troops means in terms of rolling stock if we consider that the transportation of only one field army of 80,000 men requires 6,229 cars, made up into 366 trains, with as many locomotives and train crews. If we multiply this number of cars and trains by twelve and a half, we shall

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begin to realize what the transportation of more than a million men involves.

Is it probable that six hundred and ninety-three separate and uncoördinated railroads, in the short period of six months, could have carried 100,000 carloads of supplies and more than a million soldiers to camps and cantonments, and at the same time have increased their aggregate transportation service by an amount equal to the freight of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Austria combined? These results, it should be noted, were accomplished largely by means of methods and practices which have hitherto been prohibited by law upon penalty of imprisonment, namely, coöperative agreements, elimination of competition, "pooling" of freight, and combinations of carriers.

Is it not time to cease making a fetish of competition, and to abolish the mediæval restrictions which prevent railroads from securing by combination in time of peace the efficiency and usefulness which they have obtained by co-operation in time of war?

GEORGE KENNAN

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NARCOTISM AND THE WAR

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

We are confronted today with a new level of conflict, —individual, national, international,—and a probable new level of intoxication.

Intoxication is an instinct deep-seated in the human race and its experience. Mexico has already produced one demoralizing narcotic called *peyote*. How long-lived, as well as deep-seated, the instinct for intoxication is may be gathered from the fact that *peyote* has been identified with the Aztec narcotic called "Sacred Mushroom" and with the "Devil's Root" of ancient Mexico. We cannot go so far back that we shall not find evidence of this instinct at work. It crops out in race expression as well as in the individual. It is part of all race experience. And with a new level of conflict brought about by the European War, the problem of narcotism reshapes itself like the protean monster it is.

What is the level of the conflict of the man who fights? He would not be human if he did not seek relief from overstrain. Is this after all a temperance problem? Is there not more in the problem than people have supposed? There is no certainty that even if the soldier were taught certain facts about narcotics, he would abstain from their use. It would often seem that education has but little effect in controlling drug addictions. Physicians are among the most intelligent and best educated men, yet they form as a class the largest quota of drug-users. Education alone cannot act as a preventive. The final hope for the control of such a problem must lie in the strong arm of the law: rigid supervision of the sale of narcotics. The soldier may belong to the *intelligencia*. But the burden he has to shoulder is nervously and often physically many times over that of the industrial laborer. If overstrain and fatigue enter in, as

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every expert knows they do, it is most likely that the crippling and shock of war will have to be reckoned with in habit-forming drug addictions.

"Well," you say, "but how about all this prohibition movement in Russia and elsewhere?"

This movement does not include narcotic drugs. Our own narcotic problem took its rise on the battlefields of the Civil War. There has never been much said about it. Drug addiction was always like a secret disease or vice until the Harrison Law slashed the whole misery wide open to the daylight. Some of our Federal bulletins give abundant information about the causes of our narcotism.

"But," you ask, "what about the European situation? They aren't using or, at least, abusing narcotics there, are they?"

A study of the records of this war, medical and otherwise, reveals how much Europe is depending on opium in its various forms. As an incidental illustration take the Diary of Lieutenant Mallet, a heroic young French officer, whose journal was published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1915. There occurs this passage under date of May ninth: "I have hardly reached the dug-out when I hear some one say, 'Pass on Lieutenant Mallet's morphia for Lieutenant D.' I realize that the poor fellow is badly hit. I pass on three opium pills to him; then we begin to organize the defence."

It is indeed only a simple and tragic exercise in multiplying the wounded to know to what extent they are using it in Europe. Hanford Henderson in his "Deuil En 24 Heures" in the April, 1917, NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has made this enumeration:

> The haunting tragedy here is not death: it is the hideous, multiform, disabling mutilation, the loss of vision, of hearing, of speech, the loss of hands and feet and arms and legs, the monstrous repulsive disfigurement. And each day adds its gruesome toll . . . . When the war ends, there will be fifteen million cripples in Europe, fifteen million men handicapped in the never too easy race of life. Neither our own generation, nor the succeeding one will see a Europe free from heart-rending, mutilated men, for it is a part of the huge and bestial stupidity of war that it kills and maims and mutilates not the old and already disabled, those on the brink of the grave, those ready and eager to be gone, but the young and the strong, ardent lovers of life, the promise of the race, those who seek and need the discipline of active years.

All the opium and its derivatives which came through to

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us legally and illegally in the past are now in use on the battlefields. This is one of the pressures which has cut off our drug supply. A member of the Committee on Habit-Forming Drugs of the American Public Health Association wrote me on December twentieth: "At the present moment about the only method of securing narcotics to satisfy a habit would be to purchase them on the streets from peddlers of the drug, and the drug is so scarce for this purpose that I understand they are selling it for about one dollar a grain." At this time it was practically impossible to get morphia illegally from physicians of the unethical minority in Boston, for the Assistant District Attorney had recently raided some physicans' offices and later these doctors were indicted. Temporarily, at least, one of the leaks in the Harrison Law has been stopped in Boston. But, as has been suggested, this leak is being stopped also by the war pressure.

"But, assuredly," you say, "some one of the derivatives of opium is often the last blessing you can give a badly wounded man."

It most assuredly is. And this the Governments of the countries at war have recognized. Part of the kit of the "efficient German" is a hypodermic and some morphia tablets. From the point of view of the present this is an intelligent and merciful provision. From the point of view of the future it is a question whether the provision is intelligent. We have now to face this problem on our own behalf. Our wounded will be no different from the wounded of any other country; there will be moments when some derivative of opium will be the only blessing physician or nurse can confer. We face the problem, too, from another point of view; that of a national deficit in opium. Only the patent medicine interests have on hand sufficient for their purposes, and any depression of vitality will prove commercially a "boom" for their parasitical trade. No legislature in the country has dared "smoke" them out. In its Section Six, even the Harrison Law heeled to their commands and to the overwhelming argument of their invested millions.

It is not to be thought that Europe is free from the type of physician who flourishes in this country. I mean that small minority—despised and yet uncontrolled by the ethical majority of medical men—who foster the habit in others. Such men always throw themselves against any adequate legislation. Or at best they present the sad spectacle of some

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of the newspapers—theoretically right on the question as a whole, but practically hoping to make a living out of it through advertisement of the habit-forming nostrums of the patent medicine industry. The Drug Commission had a battle royal at the Hague with the Germans as to whether there was such a thing as the "heroin habit." A German delegate, a chemist of distinction, brought volumes of evidence to prove that there was none. It is possible to associate the position he took with the fact that Germany is an extensive producer of heroin. In this country heroin is one of the most difficult of the narcotic drugs to eradicate. The German climate may make a difference. It seems to in many ways! But the Germans, the Allies, and perhaps we ourselves, will not make a mistake in considering drug addiction as a probable factor of inefficiency in the future. The aftermath of dependence on hypodermic and narcotic is inevitably awful. Unless given under wholly ideal conditions, morphia is certain to form an addiction. It is hardly probable that in the European mêlée and on the battlefields, or even in many of the hospitals, conditions can be ideal.

It is not that little cloud on the horizon now which matters. It is what it will have become when the world is in the full drama of recovery from the greatest blow to the sum-total of vitality and civilization the world has even known. What then, after the guns are still and the earth has ceased to tremble, will prove the resource of the crippled and the nerve-shattered? Men will no longer be living to fight. Their cause will have been won or lost. The warfare of each battle-exhausted or crippled man will be in the future with himself. His problem will be to get sufficient strength for the day's need, and to find, in his depressed physical and nervous condition, an adequate reason for existence. This man has known the sublime intoxication of patriotism. With exhausted strength and crippled body, what will be the level of his intoxication in the future? He will be only human if he seek to find the nearest color to the color of rose or of life which it is possible for him to get. Vividness has been the very breath of existence to him, over-excitement and delirious joys. The drug which has stilled pain, given care-free moments, and—so far as he can see—has been strength to him, will very naturally suggest itself in morphia or codeine, laudanum or heroin, or even paregoric, as an indispensable friend for the future. But to have used opium for a few

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battle-torn weeks is one thing. To continue using it will prove quite another.

Europe, so admirable in its habit-forming drug regulations, so economical in its past use of narcotics where we have been prodigal and viciously careless, now uses all her own supplies, and exports none to us. How Europe will meet this problem which looms before her depends somewhat upon the foresight of her men and women of science. It depends even more upon her collective national wisdom. But most of all, it will depend upon what she gives her soldiers to live for, the incentive, the inspiration which the war-scarred are to feel for their continuance in the struggle to exist. All intoxication expresses itself in terms of the struggle for existence—a need for happiness, for belief that life is worth while, the conviction that there is actually something which makes a man's life essential to others, to a cause, to his country. As Mr. Henderson points out, Europe will no longer possess her own future: "She has given the future to the two Americas—perhaps, in part, to Asia." Europe can no longer promise her men and women the fullness of her former civilization and her former vitality.

Both the Protestant and the Roman Churches, slow to leave their dogmas, could handle this problem admirably from the psychic point of view. Should the Church do this, it would but be coming back to Christianity's first principles: to help those who need help. Europe's only safety lies in lifting the level of its conflicts and its intoxications, and in inspiring every man, shattered or whole, with the conviction that he is more important to the State than ever before. In a certain way drug addiction is not a medical problem, it is a psychological problem; it may deal with deranged functions—necessarily has to; but more significant in the acquirement of a habit is the derangement of ideas. Complete recovery must depend upon a changed mental attitude.

The object of our Harrison Anti-Narcotic Law was in a sense as much educational as corrective. Its object, as it was agreed to by the members of the Drug Trade Conference, was to furnish information in regard to the disposition of proscribed narcotics by all dealers, and information it has collected, and collected admirably. But it is itself defective through a serious "leak." I refer to Section Six of the Harrison Law. The new drug bill of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts recently drawn and called "almost perfect"

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has this same allowance of two grains of opium, one-quarter grain morphine, or one-eighth grain heroin, or one grain codeine. Our attention is naïvely called to the fact that no cocaine is allowed in these preparations—because cocaine is not a habit-forming drug in the sense that the various preparations of opium are. And it should be noticed that some concession has been made to Massachusetts' well-known preference for heroin! But if our Treasury regulation should be abrogated, there would be no means by which the Commissioner of Internal Revenue could require a record for renewal of prescriptions containing habit-forming drugs. In any event, the Harrison Law has proved an excellent housekeeper, doing better than we knew because it has set our house in order at a most critical time. Yet we do well to remember that as drink goes out, drugs come in.

If the Governments of the countries at war would foresee the possibilities, after the terrible shock to national nerve centres, of drug addictions on a scale never known to the world before, not even in China, and would begin now to give this problem, through corrective or preventive legislation, a fourth of the attention they have given to alcohol, even if the legislation were no more drastic than the Harrison Law, there is some hope that from the point of view of narcotics, at least, this particular war problem might be solved. Europe, it would seem, faces the greatest problem in narcotism the world has ever known. Is it folly to hope that with the lesson we have learned from our own Civil War battlefields, with the problem which we are about to share with them—is it folly to hope that we may be of service to Europe in a constructive attempt to lessen the probable evils of her approaching habit-forming drug problem?

JEANNETTE MARKS.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE ADRIATIC

BY V. R. SAVIĆ

THE future peace conference will have to solve many difficult and complicated problems, and among them the problem of the Adriatic is the most delicate one. Upon the just and fair solution of that problem depends the happiness of the next generation of two gifted nations, the Italians and the Southern Slavs, and the future peace between the Latin and the Slav worlds. Here, if anywhere, the factors which in the past have led to war must be eliminated, unless the bright hopes of humanity are to end in bitter disappointment, the vision of enduring peace vanish like a fairy dream.

Italy, by intervening in the present war on the side of the Allies, was able to promote the realizations of her views upon the Adriatic. I do not pretend to know what is the agreement concerning the Adriatic arrived at between the powers of the quadruple Entente, but I am convinced that no decision of the cabinets can oppose for long the living forces which determine the life of nations. If the agreement concerning the future of the Adriatic arrived at between the Allies be just, it will endure and be productive of beneficent consequences. If it be one-sided and prejudical to the vital interests of the most-concerned parties, it will stand for some time, causing permanent irritation and friction, until it breaks out in new and sanguinary complications. But the Southern Slavs denounce such a procedure as being in evident contradiction with the principles of democracy—the bargain being accomplished without taking into account the wishes and aspirations of the people of those provinces. They rightly hope that the people and the government of the United States will use all their mighty influence to bring all former conventions arrived at between the European Allies into harmony with the lofty principles for which they entered the war. The new democracy in Russia is already raising its voice with that object in view.

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Every student of the European situation knows perfectly well that Italy had nothing to gain and everything to fear from the German victory. For Italy, as for Great Britain and France, the present war ought to have a strictly defensive character. We must give the credit to the Italian statesmen that from the very outset of the present crisis they clearly saw on which side the interest of Italy was to be found. To Italy's honor, it took the side of liberty and democracy in Europe. The Teutonic victory would have placed Italy in the same position towards Austria-Hungary as Serbia occupied before the present crisis arose. Therefore it was to the paramount interest of Italy to frustrate the possibility of a Teutonic victory in Europe. This was a sufficient inducement for Italy to intervene on the side of the Allies. But an equally strong, and perhaps more popular, inducement for Italy to intervene was the achievement of national unity.

But the achievement of Italian national unity and the claims to obtain for Italy certain strategical frontiers, if pushed to extremes, will clash with the not less rightful claims and aspirations of the Southern Slavs. Already the German papers have with joy announced the irreconcilable antagonism between Italian and Slavic interests on the shores of the Adriatic, and given their public to understand that in this quarter and direction lie the hopes of the German expansion to the Mediterranean.

A fair compromise and a friendly agreement between Italy and her Slav neighbor is a necessity for both of them as well as for the future peace of Europe. Italy can achieve that if she is to follow her loftiest traditions and to listen to the advice of her best brains and patriots.

The American public can do much in this matter. The United States are the staunch and proved friend of Italy; they have also greeted with much sympathy the solution of the Southern Slav question on the basis of ethnographic unity and self-government. Nobody is better entitled to give to both nations the impartial counsel of moderation and wisdom, and nobody's advice, if so given, will be received more readily than that of this country. To be able to raise their mighty voice, the American public must take some patience to grasp and understand all the necessary facts concerning the position of both nations in the Adriatic.

The Adriatic coast now belonging to Austria-Hungary,

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and where meet the interests of the Italians and the Serbo-Croats, are: Dalmatia, together with the Dalmatian archipelago, Istria, Trieste, and Goritzia, with the naval port of Pola. As regards the nationality of these provinces the following numbers (see the official Austro-Hungarian statistics of 1910) will give the best illustration:

	Superficial Area, kms.	Italians	Slavs	Germans	Total
Dalmatia	12,840	18,028	612,669	3,081	633,778
Istria	4,956	145,517	224,400	12,735	382,652
Trieste	95	118,959	59,974	11,870	190,803
Goritzia	2,918	90,119	155,039	4,500	249,658
Total	20,809	372,623	1,052,082	32,186	1,456,891

Following up the fallacious and the most dangerous theory of strong strategic frontiers, a very considerable part of Italian public opinion has formulated a vast programme for incorporation in Italy of nearly all the Adriatic provinces lying on the opposite shore. Already, in October, 1914, Italy occupied Valona, which port, with Brindisi on the Italian shore, completely commands the entrance into the Adriatic. Thus the idea has been propounded that the natural and strongly strategic frontier for Italy is formed by the ridge of the Julian Alps, which descends from the Tyrol to the Adriatic, forming the watershed between the Adriatic and the Danube. In obtaining that line for her eastern frontier, the kingdom of Italy would incorporate the following Austro-Hungarian provinces: Goritzia, Carniola, Trieste, Istria, the western districts of Northern Dalmatia, with all the islands of the Dalmatian archipelago. In such a way Italy would have for her subjects a dense and homogeneous population of the Southern Slavs numbering about one million people.

In propounding such views, and striving to impose such a policy upon the Italian Government, the Italian press writers argue as follows:

(1) The Adriatic is an Italian sea, and, accordingly, Italy must possess or control all its coasts.

(2) Italy possesses historical claims to those provinces, as some of them belonged for a time to the Venetian republic. Italy being the rightful heir to Venice must renew the glory of the Italian reign in the Adriatic.

(3) Italy also possesses ethnographic claims upon those provinces as they contain a large Italian population. There-

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fore, in order to achieve her national unity, Italy must incorporate those provinces.

(4) Italy, for reasons of military efficiency, must have a strong natural frontier against her new Slavic neighbor.

(5) The last, but perhaps not the least, argument for the Italian occupation of the opposite coast of the Adriatic was the fear lest Russia should seize the future Serbian ports of the Adriatic, and thus threaten the security of Italy.

The issues involved in the just solution of the problem of the Adriatic are of such tremendous importance, not only for Italians and Serbians, but also for all neighboring nations, as well as for European peace in general, that I think no apology is necessary for going at some length into the above arguments.

The first contention that the Adriatic is an Italian sea, and must be militarily controlled by Italy, is a shallow piece of reasoning, whose kind is produced from time to time in every country by the heads of over-zealous patriots. In such a way the German may fairly pretend that the Baltic sea belongs to them, and the occupation of the Great and Little Belt would be a piece of justice, and only the assertion of lawful national rights.

The argument for Italian incorporation of those provinces based upon ethnography must fall at once when we look at the numbers of the racial statistics. In Dalmatia, against a pure Serbo-Croatian population numbering 630,000, the Italians number only 18,000, which represents less than 3 per cent. of the total population. Therefore to base the Italian rights of occupation upon ethnography would be sheer absurdity.

In Istria, Trieste, and Goritzia the Italian claims based upon ethnography are better founded, although they are not justified. In Istria the geographical line of ethnographical division can be easily drawn. The Italians are thickly grouped on the western coast, and the Croat population is found in the central and eastern parts of the peninsula. In Istria the Slavs (220,000) represent 60 per cent and Italians (145,500) 40 per cent of the entire population. In the town of Trieste the Italians (118,959), to the contrary, represent 66 per cent and the Slavs (59,974) 34 per cent of the total population. In Goritzia, again, as in Istria, the line of ethnographic division can be easily drawn. The Italians in this province extend in the north as far as Cormons, and along

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the railway as far as the town Goritzia; in the east as far as the river Isonzo, and from Gradiska straight to Monfalcone; a dense and homogeneous Slav population inhabits the whole of the rest of the province. In the districts of Logatec and Postojna, in the southwestern Carniola, with nearly a hundred thousand purely Slav inhabitants, there are no Italians, and these districts are claimed by the Italians only in virtue of strategic reasons.

Thus leaving Dalmatia and the districts of Carniola out of the question, the Italian counts upon Istria, Trieste, and Goritzia are untenable as a whole. Here some compromise is necessary, and it could be easily effected if both sides were equally animated by a sincere desire for a peaceful settlement.

With regard to the historical right of Italy to those provinces, I should say that there is scarcely any province in Europe belonging to any nation to which another nation would not have some historic right. The argument of historic right better suits the mediæval and dynastic Europe than the modern European democracy in which rule is to be based upon popular consent. The historic rights have cost Europe so much bloodshed, suffering, and devastation that we may fairly suppose that this argument appeals but feebly to her nations. Even if it be true that the Venetian rule of the Adriatic represents a bright page in the Italian history of warlike achievements, it is not less true that the memory of the Venetian rule of the Slav coasts of the Adriatic also recalls to their Slavic inhabitants the dire days of foreign subjugation and misery. Those were days when their economic and commercial resources were ruthlessly exploited for the profit of an alien ruler, and when their manhood was mercilessly employed to fight far-distant battles for no profit to their native land and kinsfolk. Those were days when, with all their services, they were paid by economic misery and moral contempt, the days when Slavs were "Schiavi"—most despicable slaves. The memories of those days, walking like pale ghosts on the other shore of the Adriatic, make, even to-day, the blood run quicker, fists clench themselves involuntarily, and account for so much animosity and misunderstanding between their mixed population. Let those ghosts of the past be buried for ever. To shine forth brightly the glory of the young Italy has no need of the humiliation and moral misery of her Slav neighbors. Against those

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historic rights of past states rises the incontestable and unquestionable right of a living nation striving for freedom, equality, and lawful recognition.

In modern Europe the militarists of every country are walking hand in hand with stealthily creeping commercialism. The combination of military and commercial interests in Italy, as was the case with Germany, will surely weave the web of Italian destiny, and lead to most dangerous complications. The closer study of the Italian claims on the Adriatic will convince us at once that those claims, though announced in the name of military efficiency are calculated to serve the interests of Italian commercialism, and to secure for Italy a practical monopoly of the whole trade in the Adriatic. Of course the commercial development of the Southern Slav country would be handicapped, which must be a new source of antagonism and friction between both nations.

Now we come to the supreme argument of the necessity of good strategic frontiers which urges Italy to occupy those provinces. The reason of strong strategic frontiers has always been a trump card in the hands of the militarists. Every state availing itself of a temporary victory imposed strategic frontiers upon the defeated or weaker nation. Strategic necessity and historic rights tore Alsace-Lorraine away from France, handing it over to the yoke of the Prussian militarists. Strategic reasons also impeded the accomplishment of Italian unity, leaving south Tyrol in Austrian bondage. The direct results of such policy have been fear and hatred, and their lawful heir the military burdens under which the European nations have labored during the last sixty years. How can we expect or hope that an Italian occupation of the Serbo-Croation provinces, and the enslavement by her of a million of Southern Slavs, can give different results? It is an axiom in science that similar causes produce similar results. But if, in spite of all sincere warning, the naissant Italian imperialism, following blindly the teaching of German militarists, will try under the pretense of strategic frontiers to occupy the Balkan lands and to keep in subjection the Slavic population inhabiting them, Italy will inherit the weakness of Austria and, while greatly injuring her Slav neighbor, will endanger her own freedom and the peace of Europe. The Italian militarists wish to occupy these lands in the name of military efficiency. But the security for Italy, and the

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progress of the Italian democracy, will be brought into peril by that very worship of efficiency. From the adversity which, after this war, will fall upon the German people lies a lesson for the Italian imperialists. Sorely burdened by the occupation of an alien population, threatened by a warlike and united nation such as the Southern Slavs, the Italians would experience all the difficulties of the new position. It would be a burden which their nervous and easily excitable democracy could not, and would not, meekly endure. The Slavic menace would become a nightmare for them which could easily deteriorate the normal course of their development. The inborn love of freedom which enabled the Serbo-Croats to shake off the Turkish yoke of five centuries, and so successfully to resist the German onrush to the East, would certainly enable them to resist Italian dominion. What has been a difficulty for the militarists of Germany in Alsace and Lorraine certainly would be much more so for a democratic Italy in the coveted Slavic provinces.

In order to show Italy's friends in America that that danger would be no small one, and that my warning against it is no exaggeration, I shall show the principal results which must follow the Italian occupation.

First, Italy would occupy all islands of the Dalmatian archipelago. The Italian population numbers 1563, and the Serbo-Croats 116,227 souls. How strong the Slav sentiment is among them can best be illustrated by the fact that for centuries, although Roman Catholics, they never suffered the mass to be read in Latin, but insisted on having it read in old Slav language, the so-called Glagolitza. And the popes, meeting the wishes of the inhabitants by special bulls, authorized the use of the Glagolitza in the Roman Catholic parishes on the islands of the Dalmatian achipelago. Those islands have contributed many popular names among the Serbo-Croatian writers, and played a prominent part in the national reawakening. The Italian occupation, besides hurting the national feeling of the inhabitants, would produce disagreeable economic changes for them. They are sailors and olive and vine growers, and their agriculture would be quickly ruined by the competition with the cheap products of Italy.

Dalmatia is a narrow strip of rocky, treeless, mountainous country. For the last fifty years the emigration from Dalmatia has been very considerable, and some country districts have lost a large portion of their population. It was

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estimated that over 6000 persons left the province annually previous to the last crisis in the United States.

The same economic changes as on the islands would be operating among the inhabitants of the coastland. The Dalmatian ports in Italian occupation would lie idle and abandoned, as Italian commerce would never come through them, and the Serbo-Croatian commerce would shun them. Italy, far from increasing her own political and economic power, would only add a fresh difficulty to the existing economic and social problems, having to deal with a discontented and impoverished population, alien in thoughts and sentiments, which could be kept in obedience only by strong garrisons, representing a new burden for her national resources.

But her occupation of the islands and of Northern Dalmatia would inevitably create bitter antagonism between her and the Serbo-Croatian state and nation. The Serbo-Croatian ports in the Adriatic—Fiume (Rieka) and Splet (Spalato)—would be put under direct command of Italian guns. Both of them would be in Italian territorial waters. Everybody knows what terrible lossses every belligerent nation has sustained, or will be sustaining, during the present crisis. The ruin and devastation all over Europe will be simply appalling. The Serbo-Croats, like all other nations in Europe, must hasten to make good the wastage and ruin caused by the war. The organization of commercial ports will be their first national care. They will be in need of foreign capital and enterprise. But will British, French, or American capital be forthcoming to the Serbo-Croatian ports when their wharves and docks would be at the mercy of Italian guns, and when all ships to enter them must pass through narrow Italian channels?

There will be eager patriots who will try to represent the action of Italy as a policy of blackmailing. Some will say that the word was pledged by the Allies when their armies stood exhausted after a first year of fighting, and that this pledge has no value whatever. Everybody who knows the ardent patriotism and the intensity of the national feeling among the Southern Slavs will at once recognize that the unjust solution of their national aspirations would leave a sore wound, which never could be healed until it brings a fresh terrible crisis over Southern Europe. The European democracy has every interest not to give to the Southern Slav militarists that weapon. Thus the Italian militarists arguing

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for the occupation of the Dalmatian archipelago to insure Italy against imaginary Russian danger would play into the hands of a recreation against democracy, and bring that danger very near and make it very real.

But there remains Germany. One of the best acknowledged aims for which the Allies are fighting is the annihilation of German militarism. But how can Germany be cured of the canker of militarism when there would remain Italian and Serbian militarism? The German people cannot be annihilated. There will remain Germany's productive power; and German militarism, defeated and humiliated, would avail itself of any rift between the Allies in order to assert itself again. It is obvious to every student of the European situation that Germany will use every means and opportunity to obtain an outlet to the Adriatic. The Italians, having occupied the Slav coast and its hinterland, would have to resist not only the Southern Slavs' resentment, but also the German onrush to the south. It is a question primarily for Italy, whether she can, and for how long a time, successfully resist both pressures. And even if she could do so, would the advantages obtained by it be adequate to the sacrifices required?

The fallacy of strategic frontiers is the most dangerous snare for the nations, and Italy has every reason to avoid falling into it. The best strategic frontiers for every nation are the friendships of its neighbors, and in case of danger brave hearts and a good cause. The best men and the highest authorities in Italy have warned their compatriots against that fallacy and the Southern Slav danger.

With anxiety and dismay the nations are awaiting the answer to the question now on every lip: What will Europe be after the war? Surely for Europe only two ways are possible: the way of liberty, peace, and respect among her nations; or the way of brutal militarism allied to narrow nationalism. Such a Europe will be ruled by secret-cabinet policy. The teaching of Machiavelli and the time of Prince Metternich will be revived with new force, intrigue will follow intrigue, and plot will succeed plot. Italy, who, in the past, has suffered and so much and so long a time from such a political system in Europe, must be the first to oppose its revival.

V. R. Savić.

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THE PRESSING NEED: INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION

BY HAROLD G. MOULTON

THE conduct of war on an extensive scale is invariably accompanied by a rapid rise in the cost of living. The increase in prices is not confined to supplies that are required in great quantities by the armies in the field; it seems to apply with more or less severity to all classes of goods,—to practically everything that enters into the general consumption of the people. The high cost of living therefore becomes one of the most acute of the internal problems connected with war; and the regulation of prices in the interests of the masses is regarded as one of the most important duties of the Government.

There appear to be two lines of reasoning,—perhaps one might better say two sorts of reactions—that favor Government control of prices. One is a popular argument and the other may be called for want of a better term, a "scientific argument." In the view of the general public high prices in war time are in considerable measure the result of manipulation by traitorous malefactors who take advantage of the Government's needs and the public's ignorance and lack of organization,—who reap where they have not sown, who make fortunes, indeed, without rendering any equivalent in service to society. The control of prices in the interests of the many as against the machinations of the few therefore makes a very simple and elementary appeal to our notions of right and wrong, to our sense of plain fairness and justice. Closely associated with this reason for price control is the idea that large profits should not be permitted, even when they do not result from manipulation, monopolizing or unfair practices, for the simple reason that it is unpatriotic to reap advantage in any way from the Government's needs.

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"Profiteering" becomes in war time a new form of evil, one which should be suppressed with a strong hand.

The more carefully reasoned argument for price control recognizes that the causes of rising prices cannot be wholly ascribed to the machinations of speculators, traders, middlemen and monopolists, or to an enormous Government demand; that they depend, indeed, in considerable measure upon fundamental underlying conditions—upon the demand for and supply of commodities in general, or as some would prefer to put it, upon the quantity of money and credit available for purchasing such goods. But the "scientific" argument for price control does not depend upon the causes of rising prices; it merely accepts the fact of high prices, and uses this fact as a point of departure. The real arguments are, first, that the high prices which the Government has to pay for the materials it needs greatly increases the money cost of the war and necessitates a heavier burden of taxation than would otherwise be required. Second, the high prices that the public is compelled to pay for commodities that enter into general consumption result in lowering the standard of living of the masses, in consequence of the failure of wages and salaries to advance with equal rapidity. This loss of consuming power falls with unusual severity upon people of moderate incomes,—upon those least able to stand the burden,—and hence is one of the most important of the indirect burdens of war. Indirectly, these losses may be regarded as *costs* of the war, costs which fall in inverse ratio to ability to pay, thus violating the most fundamental principle of just taxation. Price control is therefore a necessary corrective of the inequalities of war burdens.

Pushing this economic argument still further, price control is necessary in order to prevent the poor from having inadequate consumption of wealth. The masses of society must be kept above the level of mere subsistence, in order that all may be physically efficient and mentally alert for the onerous business of war. Indeed, when a nation is pressed to the wall in a war of attrition, price control, together with a distributive dictatorship for the necessities of life, becomes an indispensable agency for equalizing wealth, —for parceling out the national store of goods in accordance with the physical requirements of people rather than according to the fatness of their respective pocketbooks; thereby postponing as long as possible the date of final exhaustion.

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Finally, price control has its political purpose. Just distribution of the burdens of war and alleviation of the economic pressure upon the lower classes serves to suppress the rising tide of discontent and internal dissension; it helps to maintain a united front and to buttress the courage of all classes at home; while at the same time it affords small comfort or hope to the enemies abroad. In a prolonged struggle it is indispensable as a means of maintaining the morale of the people.

The agitation for the regulation of prices usually develops rather late in a war; but in the present conflict we are beginning very early not only to agitate the question but also to develop the machinery necessary to effective control. This is in part owing to the world wide effect of the long continued struggle in Europe, the enormous rise in prices abroad having found concurrent reflection in the United States during the past two years; and in part it is due to mere imitation of the policy of the nations of Europe.

It is the purpose of this paper to direct attention to some serious dangers in connection with price regulation in the form in which it will likely be developed in the coming months. There are two sorts of problems in connection with price control,—one relating to the effective enforcement of the provisions of law, and the other relating to the industrial (and military) effects of such regulation. It is not a part of my present purpose to discuss routine problems of administration; nor is it my intention to discuss *all* the consequences of price regulation. I shall confine the discussion to the relation of price regulation to the rapid mobilization of our industrial resources for the business of war. In order clearly to reveal the problems involved it will be necessary to outline first the industrial requirements of the present situation.

In all ordinary wars the problem of industrial mobilization is comparatively simple. It involves, first, raising revenue for the Government. This revenue is then expended by the Government for war supplies—ships, munitions, and materials. These supplies are in part purchased abroad, and in part from domestic producers,—from already existing industrial establishments whose ordinary peace-time production is of a kind identical with the Government's needs, or so nearly of the Government pattern that only a relatively slight reorganization of the industrial process is required. But the present conflict is unusual in two important respects,

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in consequence of which the problem of industrial mobilization is essentially different from what it has been in previous wars.

In the first place, it is impossible for the United States to receive any appreciable aid from outside,—that is, from other countries. Most of the world is at war and the available supplies of the remaining " neutrals " are already mortgaged to other belligerents. In consequence, the ships, munitions, supplies and food required must all be produced by the current energy of the American people. As a nation we cannot borrow the sinews of war from outsiders on our promise to pay them back at some future date. We cannot therefore in any real sense pass the burdens or costs of war on to the next generation. The *things* with which we are to fight must be produced and paid for as we go.

In the second place, the present conflict is being conducted on so tremendous a scale that the supplies required during the first year of the war cannot possibly all be produced by the usual process of utilizing existing steel plants, clothing establishments, ship yards, etc., for the manufacture of war materials. The Allied Governments are planning to spend nearly $20,000,000,000 in the markets of the United States during the current year for war supplies. Can we produce $20,000,000,000 of supplies from existing munitions plants and from other factories that are readily adapted to the production of war supplies? The answer must be an unqualified, an overwhelming negative. Let us take some particular type of war material, such as iron and steel, and ascertain if we have a sufficient number of factories to produce the quantities required. The recent report of the plans of the United States War Department show that the Department should raise for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, $5,917,878,347.98 of revenue. The items enumerated call for iron and steel for ordnance stores and ammunition, for automatic machine rifles, for armored motor cars, for armament of coast fortifications, for submarine bases, for submarine mines, for aeroplanes, etc. It is impossible from the data furnished to estimate precisely what percentage of the huge total must be spent for iron and steel, but on the most conservative of estimates it appears that the War Department wishes $2,000,000,000 for iron and steel products. But to this total must be added the enormous amounts required for the emergency fleet and for the navy's new war-

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ships, cruisers, submarines, destroyers, etc. The emergency fleet must be as large as we can possibly make it; for it appears more and more that the success of the Allies primarily depends upon the number of ships that we can furnish within the next year or two. Finally, we must still add to the total of iron and steel demanded the great quantities of structural steel required for the upbuilding of the shattered and inadequate transport and industrial equipment of France and Russia; and the enormous supplies of munitions that our Allies must have before the grand offensive can hope to succeed. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, we exported $1,100,000,000 of iron and steel products.[1] Should we do less now that our strength is definitely and officially cast in the scales against Germany? Can we hope to break the power of the Hohenzollerns unless we employ against them vastly greater quantities of iron than has yet been used? Certainly the war has taught that defensive trench warfare can be overcome only by the use of unlimited steel. Costly as this steel may be, it is, still, less costly than man power, than the human lives that would otherwise be sacrificed before the war could end.

What now do these totals of iron and steel aggregate? It would appear that they cannot possibly equal less than $4,000,000,000 of steel products, to be produced in the United States this current year. This is but twenty per cent of our contemplated war expenditures, twenty per cent of the total for the most indispensable of all war weapons. It would seem from these rough estimates that $4,000,000,000 is a very conservative figure. But after all we need not concern ourselves with exact figures. It is enough that we should have as many billions of iron and steel manufactures as we can possibly produce, in order that the war may end in the shortest possible time.

Let us now inquire if we have munitions plants in sufficient number to produce $4,000,000,000 of iron and steel for war purposes. According to the Statistical Abstract of the United States the total value of all manufactures of iron and steel products in 1915 was $1,236,318,458.[2] The figures for 1916 are not yet available, but estimates indicate that the total will hardly reach $1,800,000,000. It appears,

[1] O. C. Austin, Statistician for The National City Bank, New York: *In the Americas*, Vol. 3, No. 10, p. 31.

[2] Statistical Abstract of the United States [1916] p. 713.

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therefore, that if *all* the manufacturers of iron and steel in the United States were of war materials, we should have a total equal to less than half the amount required by this year's war program. In fact, moreover, not all of the existing plants will be devoted to the production of munitions. Much steel must be used in keeping existing munitions plants in repair; there are many industries ancillary to the business of war that require great quantities of steel, for maintenance and up-keep and for extensions; and there are other industries that will obtain some iron and steel even though such industries are non-essential for war purposes.

It follows from the foregoing analysis that if we are to procure the requisite production of iron and steel this year we must make up the deficiency in one of the following ways: first, by increasing the output of existing plants; second, by constructing new plants; or, third, by converting other industrial establishments into munitions factories. With reference to the first alternative the *Iron Age* tells us in a recent issue that all the existing plants, including the new construction of the past three years, are already producing virtually at full capacity.

The second alternative holds little more promise, for it usually requires more than a year to construct a steel plant; and steel is used, moreover, in the building of the plant itself. To build a large number of steel plants is therefore to consume large quantities of steel without any hope of return in the present year. I am not here arguing that no new plants should be constructed, for we must plan not for one year only but for several; I am merely pointing out that not much, if any, help may be expected from the second alternative during the first year.

The third alternative possesses a substantial advantage in that it utilizes existing industrial plants and thereby saves great quantities of structural steel. It reduces to a minimum the use of iron and steel in the process of procuring the means for new steel production; though conversion to new lines of manufacture obviously cannot be effected without the use of considerable quantities of iron and steel products, in the form of special machinery, if not in the plant itself. The third alternative also possesses an indispensable advantage in that it is quicker than the second; and speed is all-important. We must tremendously increase our output of iron and steel products in the shortest possible time if we

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are to render our maximum aid in the struggle,—perchance if we are to win the war at all. The rehabilitation of our industrial plants for the manufacture of war materials is therefore the paramount requirement of the time.

In the foregoing analysis we have used iron and steel for illustration. The analysis applies, though perhaps in less degree, to the production of all the other forms of war supplies, khaki, cotton, wool, leather, food, wood, cement, brick, etc. If we are to render our maximum service in the war we must attract labor and capital into the production of these indispensable war supplies.

Now for the dangers of price control. Several forms of price control have been suggested in one source or another; but the one that is most commonly advocated,—the one that makes the strongest appeal to conservative public opinion, is price control based on cost of production. It is believed that industries, even those producing war supplies, are entitled to "reasonable" profits; and "reasonable" profits have to be reckoned from a basis of cost. Let us assume that six per cent is a reasonable profit; then a plant producing a commodity at a unit cost (including selling costs) of $1.00, should be permitted to sell at not more than $1.06. To the uninitiated the problem of price control seems, therefore, a relatively simple problem.

But there are varying costs in different plants engaged in the same line of activity. Plant A has a cost of $1.00; plant B of $1.10, and plant C of $1.20. These differences of cost may be due to various causes: difference in location, difference in management, difference in volume of output, etc. But it is clear that the product of all is imperatively required. Price control, therefore, must not force any of them out of business. Now if the price fixed were $1.06 it would give a reasonable profit to plant A but it would not even cover costs for plants B and C. The price must obviously be high enough to give a "reasonable" profit to the plant with the *highest* cost of production,—with *marginal* cost, to use the common term of the economist. This means concretely, in the case before us, a price of $1.27. It should be noted, however, that this obviously means more than "reasonable" profits for all plants whose cost is less than $1.20. It means in certain cases enormous rates of dividend for certain peculiarly efficient or peculiarly fortunate establishments.

This necessity of basing prices on the marginal or high-

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est cost of production in existing plants has been discussed in various quarters of late. The President apparently had it in mind when he recently spoke of profits that would insure efficiency of production and make possible replacement and extensions as well. But thus far I have been unable to find any recognition of the necessity of using as the basis of price fixing a cost that is actually higher than the marginal cost in existing factories. What do I mean?

I mean that not only must price control not drive existing factories out of the production of war supplies, but that it must not cut off the inducements to business men to shift from non-war industries to war business. We have seen that the paramount necessity is industrial reorganization,—the shifting of labor and capital from lines of activity that are unimportant for war purposes to the lines that are imperatively necessary. Price control, in the interests of the general consuming public, or as a means of lessening the money costs of the Government for materials, must not be allowed to stand in the way of industrial mobilization. Let us consider the possible dangers.

X is a manufacturer of a commodity that is unimportant for war purposes. His plant could be made over into an establishment for the manufacture of war supplies at a cost of $100,000. He reasons that since he has had no experience in this particular line of manufacture his management will not be very efficient the first year. Furthermore, his location is not favorable for this business; and his transportation costs for raw materials and unfinished products will therefore be unusually heavy. He knows that there is a scarcity of labor skilled in this line of work and that to get laborers at all he must offer high enough wages to induce them to leave steady positions elsewhere and cast their lot with him for a period of indefinite duration. He must therefore count on highly paid yet inefficient labor. He estimates his total outlay and finds that his cost would approximate $1.40 per unit, as compared with a top cost of $1.20 for existing plants in that line. That is to say, his cost would be $1.40 if he could charge off depreciation on this $100,000 expended in rehabilitation at the usual rate. But, the duration of the war is uncertain. It may be that he will have to re-rehabilitate his factory before he actually has a chance to manufacture war supplies. In any event there is sure to be a heavy, but indefinite, obsolescence factor, which must

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be added as one of the costs of production. The exact total obviously becomes guess work; but let us assume that X could know that it would be not more than $1.60. This is a high cost, but prices of war materials have been soaring rapidly and they bid fair soon to reach $1.75 in this line. X has about decided to make the plunge, when the Government steps in and fixes a price based on costs in already existing munitions plants—a price of $1.27, to use the illustrative case given above. Do we need to inquire further whether X will decide to manufacture war supplies?

It will be apparent that the danger of price control that is revealed in these illustrations is inherently related to the process of mobilizing our industries for war,—of directing the national energy into the most effective channels. In a preceding paragraph attention was called to the fact that in the present war the United States is beginning very early the agitation for effective price regulation. Now it is just because of this early start that the gravest dangers of price control have arisen. The sort of price regulation that is being advocated works at direct cross purposes with the paramount requirements of the hour. We must have more ships, more munitions, more supplies, more food than can possibly be produced with the present alignment of industry; wholesale reorganization of our industrial life is imperative. But if prices are fixed so low as to offer no adequate inducement to business men to shift to the lines of enterprise that are indispensable for war, it inevitably follows that industrial reorganization will be tremendously retarded,—that, to put it in its final terms, we will not secure the production of all the munitions and materials of war that are so imperatively necessary. The crux of our difficulty lies in the fact that in invoking price control in the interests of the Government as a purchaser of war supplies and of the general public as purchasers of consumers' goods, its advocates have utterly failed to recognize that it stands diametrically opposed to the shifting of industrial energy that is required. The argument assumes that it is only with existing producers of war supplies that we need be concerned. It is contended that we must not allow such individuals and corporations as chance to be fortunately placed in the industrial system to profit unduly from the war situation. We all sympathize with this idea, as a matter of course; but we must look beyond,—if we are to avoid the most serious consequences,—to the

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effect of price regulation upon the rapid and effective mobilization of our industrial resources.

Is there, now, any means whereby we may extricate ourselves from the dilemma? Must we forego price control for the present year in order that industrial mobilization may be effected in the shortest possible time? Must we, if we choose to control prices in the interests of the many, incur the dire penalty of retarded mobilization,—of possible defeat? Is there no happy medium, no middle course that will avoid the shoals in either direction?

There appear to be three main alternatives before us. The *first* is to let prices adjust themselves at what level they may, under the working of unrestricted economic forces, and then to employ taxation of excess profits as the corrective. The necessary inducement would thus be left open for an increase of production in war lines. The price would adjust itself to the highest cost of production necessary to secure the requisite supply; and the extra profits of all those with costs less than this would be appropriated by the Government. This method of adjusting the difficulty is inadequate, however, for the reason that it does not alleviate the distress of the masses resulting from the high cost of living; and it therefore does not serve to strengthen the morale of the people and to develop a united and wholehearted support of the Government in the prosecution of the war.

The *second* alternative is to fix *nominal* prices,—and have the Government underwrite the losses of any concerns who cannot then produce at a profit. Under this system the prices fixed would doubtless be at approximately the level at which they stood before the war; that is, they would be customary prices. This method would obviously still require the use of excess profits taxation for such establishments as have costs below the normal; but it would possess the great merit of keeping down the cost of living for the lower classes. It is possible that so far as our problem relates to existing munitions factories, etc., this method might be employed with a fair degree of success. I say " fair " degree of success, for it must be remembered that the problems involved in ascertaining costs and reasonable profits in any establishment are baffling problems in themselves, as is also the enforcement of the price fixed. However, in time I believe we might succeed in working out a system that would be much superior to a condition of no regulation whatever; for after all, exist-

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ing establishments may be in some degree reached by the appeal of patriotism; and in any event, aside from evasion of the law, they have no practical alternative other than to accept the price that is fixed and to trust the Government to make good any losses that may ultimately be shown. They cannot well go out of business; their best chance is to place their trust in the word of the Government.

But when it comes to inducing *additional* capital to engage in the production of war supplies this method is found to have very serious shortcomings. It must be observed that the method is a voluntary one. If a manufacturer does not wish to turn to the production of price controlled war supplies he does not need to do so. He has usually a profitable alternative, that of continuing to devote his plant to the production of supplies that are not adapted to war uses, but which yet enter into general consumption. It should be observed here that what the Government must promise, is to cover all costs incident to the transition into the war business; the losses due to high cost of operation while engaged in the manufacture of war supplies; and finally the losses incident to the transition back to peace-time industry in the period of reconstruction at the close of the war. Now there may be a few who would volunteer under these circumstances; but the general tendency in any event would be to delay as long as possible,—to delay perchance too long to be of any assistance in the prosecution of the war. If the dire need of the Government for supplies were fully appreciated in advance the difficulty here would doubtless be greatly minimized; but the plain, blunt truth is that we have as yet little conception of the enormous quantities of war material that will be demanded in the coming months, and the enormous shifting of industrial energy that must occur. Until very recently the assumption has been general that production in all lines ought to continue largely as usual,—that the war can be carried as an extra. Current discussion is practically all in terms of the present distribution of our industrial energy.

But even if the Government should definitely call for volunteers in this industrial shifting, and promise all who should respond that adequate profits would be *guaranteed* them, does it follow that the requisite industrial reorganization would promptly ensue? It must be granted certainly that it would succeed no better than the volunteer system of

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raising troops; in fact, I believe it would be much less efficacious than the raising of volunteer armies. In the first place, the psychology of the situation is unfavorable to industrial volunteering. The industrial manager who turns to the manufacture of war supplies does not become an employee of the Government, with a chance of winning shoulder straps and decorations together with the undying gratitude of his fellow citizens. He is more likely to be regarded as a "profiteer." Again, a volunteer for the army merely has to enlist at a recruiting office; beyond that he has no personal responsibility,—his daily activities are controlled to the last degree by the army organization. But an industrial manager who volunteers his establishment for war purposes does not enter directly into the governmental organization, and the responsibility of reorganizing and managing the business remains as before. In the very nature of things, the process of industrial shifting cannot be co-ordinated under a volunteer system. At best it is a haphazard, time consuming, utterly inefficient method of industrial reorganization.

The *third* alternative is to fix nominal prices and underwrite the losses of those who cannot cover costs at the prices established, as in the previous method, but then resort to the method of conscription to secure the requisite productive energy in war lines. Such a method alone, it seems to me, will ensure industrial reorganization at minimum cost, with minimum uncertainty and—most important of all—in minimum time. Industrial conscription appears to be an imperative prerequisite to price-regulation, when such regulation is undertaken early in the war, before the mobilization of our industries has been accomplished.

To attempt to keep prices low and then at the same time to rely upon high prices as the inducement to industrial mobilization is obviously a flat contradiction and can result only in preventing the rapid reorganization of our industries. To substitute the method of government guaranty of reasonable profits, while relying upon *volunteers,* is better, yet wholly inadequate to meet the pressing requirements of the hour. To substitute for the volunteer system, the method of industrial conscription is simply to parallel in industrial mobilization the certainty and celerity that has been attained in military mobilization through the machinery of the selective draft.

HAROLD G. MOULTON.

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I AM A JEW

[Because of the intimate character of this poignant disclosure, the author prefers to withhold his name. It is, however, known to the Editor of the REVIEW, as is the writer's authenticity as an American Hebrew.—*The Editor.*]

I HAVE lived in this Western World of yours all my life. I know no other. There are times when I seem to myself to be at ease in it. There are times when to you I seem to be too much at ease in it. Yet it is strange to me; and in my heart I know that it will always be strange. To me it is a world of dots and dashes, colorless and cold and bewildering. It encroaches upon me. It invades me. I want to shove it off—and cannot.

Were I a Chinaman I would smile a long smile. Seeing the sights of your world, I should see them not. Hearing the clangor and the rumbling of your cities, my ears would yet be filled with a great silence. And I myself should be wandering backward and forward on the mystical path which leads beyond death and before birth and into the happy life of useless spreading trees, and becomes one with the progress of white clouds swimming softly through the air above blue waters.

Were I a Hindu I should breathe so deep that my black eyes would be swallowed up altogether by their blacker pupils. Then the trivial shapes of things would disappear. Only the intense vibrations of their souls would be visible, as the eyes of a cat are visible in the darkness.

Were I a Russian—for the Russian, too, is of the East, although in the West—I should be so full of wonder over the fact of my own existence, so fascinated by the bizarre forms of my own chasing thoughts, that your disillusioned world, impatient with one so incurably childlike, would leave me in peace.

But I am a Jew. I cannot pretend that I do not see, that I do not hear, that I do not feel. And I am made bitter by all the ugliness that is under your pale Western sun—bitter and critical and sardonic.

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Then you say, "The Jew is full of hate." And you draw away.

It may be that the Jew is full of hate. Or it may be that the heart of the Jew is full of longing—a longing so vague, so deep, and so anguished that even to himself it seems impossible that, either in this world or in any world which the Creator of Worlds might devise, it could ever be satisfied. To him it seems that your drab curtain of here and now cuts off the luminous vision of his hope. We slash at that curtain with the sword of our sarcasm, of our bitterness. Yet you need have no fear. For our sword is but a ghostly sword. And we who wield it are a nation of ghosts.

You are an American. And the word "American" stretches like a vast protective tent over you and over the hundred millions of your fellow-countrymen.

I am a Jew. And the word "Jew" is seared like a brand between my shoulder-blades, as it is between the shoulder-blades of each of the twelve million members of my race.

There are times when I could wish that I had been born into a Ghetto of the Middle Ages; or into some squalid village in the Russian Pale; or even into a tenement of New York's Lower East Side. For then I should have come at once into my rich inheritance. I should have known what I was. I should have been wholly a Jew. I know that the Mediaeval Ghetto, the Russian Pale, and the East Side—are Hell. But Hell is not the worst. The worst is Limbo.

I was born into Limbo—that pallid and genteel limbo, an uptown side-street in New York City; one of those colorless and respectable streets whose denizens are neither rich nor poor, neither good nor bad, neither all Jews nor all Gentiles.

It was a day when the phrase "self-made man" was a term of the highest approval. The people among whom I was born were, in a sense, "self-made" Gentiles. Not that they denied their origin. It would never have occurred to them to do that, even had their origin not been written so clearly on their features, with all the down-strokes hard and definite, as in old-fashioned German script.

Nor did they desire that their children, nor that their children's children, should marry outside their race and beget great-grandchildren who should be half-Gentile in blood as well as in spirit. After all—they were Jews. That was the rock bottom of their lives, never to be blasted away. Yet

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hardly less fundamental was the conviction that it was well not to insist too strongly on their Jewishness; not to flaunt it before strangers; not to be "too Jewish."

To be "too Jewish" (it was thus that they strove to overcome their deepest instincts with fair reasoning) would be doing a disservice to the Jews themselves: for would it not increase the contempt of the Gentile for all of us? They knew that in this country appearances count for much. Why, then, with opportunities all but unlimited for those who will adapt themselves—why insist on one's differences? Indeed, why not bend a little toward the prevalent uniformity? For why come to a land where no Ghetto walls have ever been, if one insists, by one's own excessive Jewishness, on erecting them around the brownstone house which one has achieved?

Members of my race there have been who have laid aside their individuality as a garment, in order to make of themselves spokesmen of the very spirit of the race. And One there was so great that he could lay aside even our race as a garment, and make himself the spokesman of the universal spirit. You in America today are uninitiated in these mysteries. Inspiration—incarnation: of these things you know so little that in your hearts you do not believe that they exist. And so you have been forced to make of your own professed faith precisely that thing which it is not.

One of the most earnest and most representative of your writers attempted, not long ago, to "rephrase the unchanging truths of Christianity in accordance with the needs and understanding of our time." He declared—and many there are among you who echo him—that the wonderful thing about Christ was his "personality," his "individuality."

Now (if a Jew may be permitted to speak about one of the great ones of his people) the wonderful thing about Christ was his willingness to resign his "personality," to let go his "individuality." Other teachers there have been who have also desired to let the divine light shine through them upon mankind. But they were like cathedral windows, demanding that the light enhance the beauty of their color and design, before passing through to the waiting people. Christ effaced himself, making himself pure as crystal for the passage of the spirit.

To make of oneself a medium for that which is greater than oneself is not regarded by you in America today as a

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virtue. On the contrary, each man of you no sooner reaches years of discretion and disillusion, than he shuts that door of his spirit which leads in from the universal, the mysterious, and proceeds to make of himself a very special and highly individualized thing—in order that he may be easily recognized in the crowd. Often he turns himself into a caricature of himself in this effort to make sharp and clear the outlines which mark him off from the others. And if America nevertheless lacks towering personalities, if, as the son of the great Tolstoi has pointed out, she suffers from uniformity as from a pest, that is not at all because you lack the will to be different, one from the other, but rather that you are so eager to be different that you cannot forbear imitating one another's methods of distinguishing oneself from the crowd.

But the Jew lacks this modern, this Western itch to cut himself off from the branch which bore him. He has no desire that people admire his independence, and the uniqueness of his form, as he lies with other broken twigs upon the ground. It is not in him. But he can imitate it. There is nothing the Jew cannot imitate. There is nothing the Jew does not imitate. Often he imitates so well that he deceives those whom he imitates. But he never imitates so well that he permanently deceives himself. And he never, try as he will, quite succeeds in shutting the door on that which is more truly himself than this self-made personality of his: on the spirit of his race.

So, in the end, the difference between one Jew and another—between myself and the old-clothes-man who nods to me with a familiarity which I used to resent, but which now I acknowledge as true—is nothing. That which we have in common is everything. And my worst enemy is that Gentile who, with an air of friendliness, tries to assure me that it is otherwise.

I do not know in what way prejudice against the Jew can help the Gentile. But there are times when it serves the Jew to good purpose.

To nearly every Jew whose life is not too hard and cramped and bitter, there comes a time when the outer world takes on a clear beauty which tempts him to forget entirely that which he is, and, in a spirit akin to that of the ancient Greek, worship gladly and freely the spirit of visible loveliness. It was a stage in the passage of the race. It is a stage in the passage of the individual. It seems to be part

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of the function of the anti-Jewish prejudice to prevent him from lingering too long at this stage. So, at least, it was for me.

I remember one summer when the whole world seemed to be unfolding. I was sixteen. As my canoe would glide up the river, the smell of the hayfields was sweet. And vivid and salt were the marshes through which I returned at low tide. At daybreak to row out over the sea, and watch, in a light strangely clear, the level line of the inrolling waves, with their resistless heave; at moonlight to walk through the whispering woods; or to lie on my back in the grass and be caught up through my eyes into the web of the starry spaces: all this was drunkenness and pure delight. I learned that in this world of wonder there are girls, and women too, with grace and beauty indescribable, with an unearthly sweetness which troubled one delightfully, which, even to think of, made the heart to lose a beat.

I stayed at the one hotel which "took Jews"—to put it bluntly as it was put to me. One hotel was enough. Nor did it seem to matter much that on the river, at the beach, on the road through the woods, I and those with me were sometimes looked at with unfriendly interest.

My world was complete without these people. I did not see how they could rob me of any part of it.

I hurried through the next fall and winter and spring, intent on getting back there. Then I wrote to the hotel's proprietor for my room. The answer was: "Impossible." When I insisted on knowing why, I was told that the presence of Jews at the resort was strongly objected to by the cottagers, the permanent residents, and the guests at the other hotels; and that they had threatened the proprietor with personal violence, as well as the destruction of his property, if he allowed them to return. I had visions of irate cottagers and summer guests armed with torches to burn down the hotel. By these visions I knew that I was no blithe pagan to whom had been granted the freedom of the world of trees and waters, but a Jew, barred out of Paradise by the angel with the flaming sword. I was eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. And a bitter fruit it was.

It seems that the taint which the Jew leaves upon a hotel can be so lasting that, even after his physical presence has been removed, memories of his having been there continue to make the place to a certain extent uninhabitable.

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The proprietor lost so much money that summer that when the next summer came he invited his old patrons back. Many of them came. They loved the place, and knew that elsewhere they could expect no better treatment.

I was among them. What was the proprietor to me? I thought. Or the cottagers? Or the tradesmen in the village? What was the whole place but a promontory from which I had once leapt forth into a state of being that was young and free and crystal clear? And why not again?

Why not, indeed? I had been deeply insulted. I had been forced to swallow down the insult. That I could never forget. I could not swim far enough out through the waves, I could not plunge deeply enough into the woods, to shake off the consciousness of it, and leave it behind me. There was still magic, beauty, mystery. But it was no longer close at hand. It was far off. It lured me on. But something else held me back.

That summer was a hard one. But I learned my lesson. I learned that the Jew is not a Greek. He is something more mysterious and more painful. He cannot touch the infinite with his finger-tips, but only with his soul. The life of the senses is to him no more than a game, a fascinating, a very pretty game at which he plays. He learns not through pleasure, but through pain. Pain is the knife wherewith he cuts through his seeming self, and finds his real self—the Jewish spirit—the word of God.

There is among the Japanese a story of a Samurai to whom his master, the Emperor, entrusted for safe-keeping a beautiful painting. One day on returning home he found his house afire. His one thought was to save the masterpiece. He rushed in, found it intact. But when he tried to carry it out, his way was barred by flames. Without hesitation, he seized his great sword, cut off a piece of his silk sleeve, which he wrapped carefully about the painting; then slashed open his own breast and inserted the picture in the opening. His charred body was found in the ruins, and within it the masterpiece, unharmed.

The Samurai is the Jew.

The priceless painting is the Jewish spirit.

And though the Jew go through fire a hundred times and die a thousand deaths, and the masterpiece, the thing of wonder, be hidden for generations within a ruin, within a corpse, yet will the Jew who tears open his own breast find

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it there without mark or blemish, perfect as on the first day.

Truly the Kingdom of Heaven of the Jew is within him —deep buried within him.

To the children of the green earth, to those peoples who are descended in spirit from ancient Hellas, it has always seemed absurd and even despicable and slavish that a people should, like the Jews, learn more from chastisement than from happiness, and pass through the world like the blind and the deaf, with head bowed, muttering over and over again the words which were handed down to them from their fathers' fathers.

Be it so.

But behind their scorn is a vague wonder and a sense of a mystery not to be fathomed. Who are these Jews who pass through this world, not deigning to cast their eyes upon it, intent upon their secret errand? Whence come they? Whither do they go? Who is he who sent them upon this mission? And if it be indeed He they say it is—why does He clothe His ambassadors meanly, like beggars?

It has been the way of gods, ever since they first communed with men upon mountain-tops, to speak in riddles. Is it, then, so strange that this God, having chosen for his language a nation, should have made of that nation a riddle and a paradox and a dark mystery among the nations of the earth?

It may be that He had no need to clothe us in robes of state for the eyes of the world, having made it clear to us that the world itself is but a garment; having ordained it that we should pass through Time as easily as our fathers passed through the Red Sea in the day of Moses, and that Space should set up no barriers to our passage.

I like to think, as typical of those who incarnate the mystery of the Jew, of those scholars and philosophers of my race in the Middle Ages who, like Abraham son of Meir Ibn Ezra, wandered over the whole known world as though on a path pointed out to them by some angel; for their thoughts were not upon their wanderings, but only upon their God and on those books in which His will was revealed.

I sought him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.
I said, I will rise now, and go about the city,
In the streets and in the broad ways,
I will seek him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.

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So sang the Shulammite, "black but comely," of Solomon, king and sage of ancient Israel. And so said I of the spirit of ancient Israel, of the everlasting Jew who is myself.

I sought him in the synagogues, in the business houses, in the ghettos. But I found only Jews—never the Jew.

The Jew: I had lost him before I was born. And when I was a child they told me that it was hopeless to search for him.

The Jew, so they taught me, is of the most ancient race of the earth—a race which has endured because of its belief that it is the chosen of God; which has been great because of the singleness of its devotion to God; which has produced a literature accepted, not only by the Jews themselves, but by millions upon millions of Gentiles, as directly inspired by God; which has given birth to one whom the entire Christian world has called the begotten son of God.

Only—so they taught me—there is no God. God is a myth. God is a superstition. God is a vanished dream.

From that dream my father had awakened, yet with little hope of finding in the reality, made clear by the pale light of modern science, anything to compensate for those vast vanished shadows of the night. And I think that in secret he envied those who still slept. Before he had left his parents' home in the old world, he had, in order not to give them pain, observed most of the forms of that religion of which his father was a rabbi. Life, he thought, is sad enough—particularly for a Jew; cruel to disturb those whose comfort it is to suck at the dry lemon of superstition.

But now that the rabbi-father was dead, why pretend any longer? And why bring up a child to pretend?

Yet pretend I did. Even as he had deceived his father as to the feelings of his heart, so I deceived him.

For the Jew seeks his God as the sun-flower seeks the sun, as woman seeks man.

I did not know the name of my God, but I knew that He was there. I did not know the prayers which the people of my race prayed to him; so I prayed the prayer which I learned from my Gentile nurse. And the words of the hymns which the Gentiles sang in their churches soothed my heart. I prayed in secret: even as my father had, in secret, refrained from prayer.

Once my mother came upon me as I was praying, and

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told my father, and they both smiled, but said no word to me about it. And as the years passed, I forgot to pray. Then one day a rabbi came to the house and asked whether I was being instructed in religion. My father said, No. They talked for a long time. Then the rabbi turned and looked at me, seriously first, then he smiled.

"He will come back to us," he said, with an air of such assurance that I felt a little frightened, as though he were putting a spell upon me.

"Sooner or later," he repeated, "he will come."

My father shook his head confidently. He had brought me out into the daylight. How was it possible for me to wish to return to the dim womb of the synagogue of which I had not even a memory?

Yet I had a memory—a race memory. At the beginning it was weak, and could only prompt me to a vague curiosity as to what it might really mean—this being a Jew. So vague that when the time came that I might have satisfied this curiosity—I drew back.

For years I drifted about the Gentile world, unhappy without knowing why I was unhappy. And then one day I met a Negro, one of the leaders of his race, in whose veins, mingling with the blood of Africa, there flowed some of the best white blood of America and of France. He looked—but for his golden-brown skin—like those patricians of the seventeenth century whom Van Dyck loved to paint, and whose type seems to have disappeared from the earth. His reputation as a scholar and as a writer was great; and had he chosen to live in France, where he would have been looked upon as an individual, he might have had a respected and leisured life.

But he chose America. He chose persecution. He chose the black blood in his veins, instead of the white. He chose to be proud of those qualities which are particularly the qualities of the Negro. And he boasted that the only characteristic and indigenous music which America has is Negro music.

Then I wondered why I had been so cowardly. If a Negro is proud of being a Negro, shall not a Jew be proud of being a Jew? If Negro music is the only American music, is not the religion borrowed from the Jews the only American religion? Is not the greatest piece of literature the American knows a translation of that Jewish library—the

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Bible? Was it not, indeed, those Jewish books, and the controversies over them, that sent the first settlers, the Pilgrim Fathers, to these shores? And has not, through them, the tradition of ancient Israel become the rock on which all that is strong and stern in American character and tradition was built up?

So I took up the search for the tradition of ancient Israel. Not among books,—which, as the Chinese sage has said, are but the leavings of men who are dead,—but there where that tradition is most living, there where the Jews of America are most Jewish: on New York's Lower East Side.

In those days Clinton Street knew me well. In the thunderous murk of Allen Street I came to feel at home, and on Houston Street, and where the pushcarts of Bleecker Street form long, motley lines, and on East Broadway, and where the fish and vegetable vendors set up their stands under the East River bridges. The reek of fish and pickles soon ceased to offend my nostrils. Nor did I turn my eyes from the dirty bedding and the dirty children hanging over rusty fire-escapes which make the hideous fronts of tenements still more hideous. They were my people. They were Jews—undiluted, unAmericanized.

It was well. Through them I would meet the spirit of my race face to face. Through them I would become truly a Jew.

A Jewish novelist tells the story of a young rabbi, devout but Americanized, summoned at midnight to the bedside of a poor Jew dying at the hospital, whose one articulate word was "rabbi." On entering the ward, the young man found, lying on the bed, in his death-agony, a Russian Jew, bearded, oriental, fantastic, who received him with a flood of words.

The words were in Yiddish, of which the young rabbi understood not one. He shook his head helplessly.

Then the dying man, in bitterness and despair, raised himself up, spat out the one word "Goy!" and turned his face toward the wall and toward death.

"Goy" was a word which even the rabbi could understand. For it means neither more nor less than "Gentile."

To this dying Jew, a Jew who could not speak the Jewish colloquial language, a Jew, moreover, whose appearance and manner seemed to mark him as one of the members of this cold American people, rather than as a fellow-member of one of the oldest of Oriental races, was not, properly speak-

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ing, a Jew at all. He was an outsider; and therefore an enemy.

He was, in short, a "Goy."

So it was with me.

I had hoped to find the Jewish spirit among the Russian Jews of the New York Ghetto. And I found it. I found old Jews selling suspenders or calico from pushcarts, who, clad in royal robes, might have posed for any artist as Abraham, or Solomon, or the aged Jacob. I saw women's faces —sad, long-suffering, fatalistic and intense—which seemed to bear the very features and expression of the Jewish race. I saw little children who looked strikingly like the Christ child as the great Italian masters have painted him. I even saw a few young men who, unspoiled by the cheapness of the city, and undaunted by the difficulties which beset a Jew, seemed to be going forth to meet life, bravely and eagerly as a young David. All these people were more Jewish than the German Jews, the Americanized Jews, whom I had known uptown. They had far more of the bitter, wholesome flavor of racial uniqueness.

I had been taught to despise them. I now learned to admire them.

But I could not become one with them.

They would not accept me.

To them I was a Goy.

I opened to my beloved;
But my beloved had withdrawn himself and was gone.
My soul had failed me when he spake:
I sought him, but I could not find him;
I called him, but he gave me no answer.

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THE MECHANISM OF POETIC INSPIRATION

BY CONRAD AIKEN

THERE is a widespread notion in the public mind that poetic inspiration has something mysterious and translunar about it, something which altogether escapes human analysis, which it would be almost sacrilege for analysis to touch. The Romans spoke of the poet's divine afflatus, the Elizabethans of his fine frenzy. And even in our own day critics, and poets themselves, are not lacking who take the affair quite as seriously. Our critics and poets are themselves largely responsible for this,—they are a sentimental lot, even when most discerning, and cannot help indulging, on the one hand, in a reverential attitude toward the art, and, on the other, in a reverential attitude toward themselves. Little of the scientific spirit which has begun to light the literary criticism of France, for example, has manifested itself in America. Our criticism is still a rather primitive parade of likes and dislikes: there is little inquiry into psychological causes.

Meanwhile, if the literary folk have been droning, the scientists have been busy. Most critics, at least, are familiar already with the theory of Sigmund Freud, that poetry, like the dream, is an outcome of suppression, a release of complexes. To the curious-minded this, however erratic or inadequate, was at any rate a step in the right direction. It started with the admirable predicate that after all poetry is a perfectly human product, and that therefore it must play a specific part in the human animal's functional needs. It at once opened to the psychologist, (amateur as well as professional!) the entire field of literature, and in a new light: he was invited to behold here not merely certain works of art, but also a vast amount of documentary evidence, in the last analysis naïve, as to the functioning of the human mind,—in other words, so many confessions.

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In the beginning, ludicrous mistakes and exaggerations were made. This was to be expected. Freud himself has steadily modified his position, as was bound to happen in the early and necessarily empirical stage of a new psychological method. There have been others, too, who have gone forward with the method, in a purely objective way, by trial and error. And the most interesting of them from the literary viewpoint is Nicolas Kostyleff, whose book, *Le Mecanisme Cérébrale de la Pensée,* was published in Paris within a few years. In addition to much in this book which is of an interest purely psychological, there are also successive chapters dealing with poetic inspiration, the poetic methods of Victor Hugo, and the method of the novelist. M. Kostyleff does not pretend to have solved any of these questions. He is content with indicating a direction,—he does not attempt to delimit. He offers suggestions and observations that should be of tremendous value to the literary critic.

M. Kostyleff, in the chapter devoted to poetic inspiration, takes as his starting-point a belief that Freud's explanation of it as due entirely to hidden complexes, largely erotic, is insufficient. Certain types of poetry, notably those that approximate wish-thinking, clearly indicate such an origin. But what are we to do with the vast amount of poetry which cannot so conveniently be fitted into this category,—poetry, for example, which does not in any obvious sense appear to be the satisfaction of either erotic or merely aesthetic needs: poetry, indeed, which would appear to belong to a cerebral rather than a merely emotional plane? M. Kostyleff here concludes, it appears wisely, that after all the writing of poetry is, like speech itself, a purely cerebral affair: and that it is not the result of a discharge of an excess of emotion in the poet so much as a cerebral reaction to external stimuli. This conclusion he at once connects with a theory, developed in earlier chapters, of verbo-motor reactions: a theory that words, like other sensory impressions derived from contact with reality, are stored in the mind, not discretely, but in chains of association, where they become unconscious, and appear to be forgotten; but that upon a given stimulus these chains of associated words begin automatically unravelling, become again conscious.

With this theory of poetic inspiration in mind, M. Kostyleff approached various contemporary French poets and asked them to divulge the secret of their methods of composi-

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tion. Among these poets were Madame de Noailles, M. Robert de Montesquiou, M. Haraucourt, M. Abel Bonnard, and M. Fernand Gregh. The explanations of these poets seemed at first sight to be rather divergent. Some wrote rapidly, some slowly. Some conceived their poems in terms of visual line and space, some aurally in terms of music. Some started with the final or key line and wrote up to or around it, and some sketched rapidly in a sort of improvisation, later filling in and altering. But one fact began to emerge which seemed to be true of all: the fact that the initial impulse was almost always due to an external stimulus of some sort which effected, in a purely cerebral way, a verbal discharge of automatic associations, not necessarily attended by an excess of emotion. It became also apparent that the poets themselves were to a considerable extent aware of this. They sought to document themselves on subjects which appealed to them, so as to enrich their associations; and, further, they endeavored to surround themselves with objects in some way related to the chosen theme, or to adopt, if possible, a suggestive environment.

This is already, it is clear, a sufficiently shrewd blow at the usual theory of poetic inspiration, that it is due to a tempest of emotion in the poet. But M. Kostyleff makes it even shrewder. On examining carefully the work of these various poets he found it to be almost invariably true that the emotional value of the completed poem far outweighed the emotional value of the original idea. The latter, in fact, frequently became quite insignificant. This would certainly indicate that the original impulse is merely a slight spring, which, once released, sets in motion a rather imposing engine. In fact, it was found in many cases that the original idea was either lost sight of entirely as the poem developed or actually contradicted. The explanation of this is simple, if the basic theory is correct. For if it is true that verbal discharges take place in associated chains, then we should expect that one such verbal discharge should be self-generating, that one set of associations should lead directly to another. No sooner does one flight of ideas come to an end than some overtone in it awakens further associations and another flight begins. And this was precisely what M. Kostyleff found to be true in his examination of many of these poems, particularly in the first drafts of them, with the many omissions, the many leaps to what at first glance might appear to be unre-

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lated ideas. The completed poems, then, appeared to be not so much orderly developments of the original theme (which indeed in most instances could not alone offer the necessary amount of associations to account for the wealth or emotional power of the poem) as an accumulation of successive waves of verbal discharge due to association, each rushing farther from the starting-point. In this manner we get a finished poem which far outruns, in emotional weight, the initial impulse. Of M. Bonnard's *Le Chant du Coq à L'Aurore,* for example, M. Kostyleff remarks: "It is evident that this inspiration is due in part to a profound emotion before the beauties of nature, but the verbal discharge certainly surpasses it in extent, and can only be explained by the pleasure of renewing it. . . . And, everything considered, the emotion and the reaction to it are not equivalent. This explains also why in other cases the emotion can be slight, almost purely intellectual. In the preceding poem it is an emotion such as one feels, or can feel after pleasure, which stimulates the imagination. . . . It is, before all, a play of cerebral reflexes . . . it is not an equivalent of emotion alone. It would never have become what it is if it had not had at its disposal great richnesses of memory, verbal and visual; which permit [the poet] to prolong the emotion, to renew it, and to communicate it to others." Again, of *Douleur* by Comtesse de Noailles, he says: "The feeling is always tender, but it awakens sometimes an exalted thought, sometimes a pessimistic thought. This proves once more that inspiration is not to be confused with the emotion which causes it. We saw it, in Bonnard, outstrip the emotional stimulus, we see it now in contradiction with itself; and that alone can explain the sustained flight of literary creation. If poetry were only an emotional discharge, it would be very much less complex than it is. In reality the emotional shock finds in the poet preformed cerebral mechanisms: mechanisms preformed by study, by meditation, by life. These are chains of reflexes which are not themselves kept in the brain, but the paths of which are traced there and easily reproduced. In a poet these reproductions are particularly easy, and the chains very numerous. The cerebral reflexes, becoming linked at the will of unforeseen connections, draw him along beyond the emotional stimulus. . . . Indeed, what matters the extent of the emotional power, since the principle does not lie there, but in the chains of cerebral reflexes, and since

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the latter can be set off by a stimulus wholly cerebral? . . . This obliges us to admit at last that poetic inspiration has two sources: the sensibility of the poet, and the preformed mechanisms of verbal reactions. These last we understand in the widest sense of the term, with the images to which they attach themselves, as also with quite precise qualities of rhythm and vocal harmony. A great poet is recognized not only because he is sensitive and vibrant, but also by the wholly personal qualities of this mechanism. And that is not a word of simple meaning. The personal qualities consist in the evocation of impressions which are not banal, and in the expression of them in a rhythm and sonority peculiar to themselves. . . . This formula seems to be important, especially for our time, when there are so many good poets—and so few great ones! . . . It is time to establish clearly in the eyes of the literary critic that to be a true poet it is not sufficient to have emotivity, internal fever, nor even a certain richness of cerebral images; it is also necessary to have a gift of verbo-motor discharge which is *personal.* For objective psychology, this presents something quite precise, the mental images being the cerebral reflexes directly associated with those of hearing and speech. This association is not innate: it is formed little by little from the first years of life. What is innate in the poet is a certain refinement of the sensorial organs. Seeing and hearing much as other children do, he must retain more memories, and better selected impressions. Each of these traces the path of a reflex; the visual and auditory reflexes are associated with definite verbal reactions; and at the time when his nervous system becomes rich enough to produce sensorial discharges, he finds himself already gifted with what we have just called the preformed mechanism of verbal reactions." In this connection M. Kostyleff points out that, as we should expect, poets are precocious as children, read omnivorously at an early age, and thus store up rich deposits of verbo-motor reactions, rich not only as regards sensorial impressions, but also as regards prosodic arrangement. And as evidence that the mature poet is not above enriching his vocabulary by conscious effort he goes rather exhaustively into a survey of the methods by which Victor Hugo was accustomed to document himself for literary creation, and into the rather elaborate system of auto-suggestion (through choice of environment, books, mode of life) by which M. Robert de Montesquiou adduces in himself

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the proper frame of mind for work. And at the end of his chapter he concludes:

> To be a great poet it is not at all necessary to have a temperament as pronounced as that of a Musset or a Baudelaire. A delicate taste, if it be personal, may also serve as a basis for poetic inspiration. But it is the essential condition for this that the specific sensibility of the individual should determine for him the formation of an adequate mechanism of verbal reactions . . . . The number of parlor poets increases, and many of them lack neither emotion nor energy for sonority of expression. In what do they fail of being true poets? The study we have just made directly answers this question. They lack a personal mechanism of verbal reactions. This mechanism is part of inspiration. It is formed long before the moment of discharge, from all that the poet reads or hears, and when the moment arrives, it begins to act without his being able to say whence the words come to him. Everyone uses words, most words can be made into verses, but the more or less personal character of the latter distinguishes clearly those which are only an imitation, an echo of the poetic harmonies of the past, from the "sovereign verses" which leap from the mind of the poet as the product of a personal faculty for storing up and grouping verbal reactions. . . . Objective psychology finds here a very important contribution. To the factor revealed by Freud,—(the stimulus in the revival of psychic complexes,—) we see added another having an equally precise place in the organism,—an extraordinarily extended chain of verbal reactions.

M. Kostyleff does not presume, naturally, in reaching this conclusion, to have cleared up the entire problem,—he is probably as aware as any one that he has made only a beginning. For at once further baffling questions arise. To begin with, though we can subscribe without reluctance to the main tenet of M. Kostyleff's thesis that once set in motion a flight of poetic creations is to some extent self-renewing, ramifying by association from one group of reflexes to another; and though we cannot help being struck by the plausibility of his conclusion that the sole difference between the imitative and the original poet is in the more personal quality of the latter's mechanism of verbal reactions, it is clear that in this matter of the "personal quality" lies something which, though of very great importance from the literary viewpoint, is left rather vague. It will be recalled that M. Kostyleff makes a good deal of the fact that the poet, both instinctively in childhood and deliberately in maturity, seeks by reading to enlarge his vocabulary and the richness of his prosodic sense. But of course the imitative poet does this quite as much as the original one: if not more. Their stores of verbo-motor reactions are acquired, presumably, in quite

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the same sort of way. Where, then, does the difference arise? In what manner does this store become, as M. Kostyleff says, more closely related in the one case than in the other to the poet's specific sensibility? It is at least questionable whether this distinction is not a false one. For, in a broad sense, no individual's store of verbo-motor reactions can be other than specifically personal to him. This would seem to force our search for a distinction backward one degree to the matter of sensibility itself. It would suggest a revision of M. Kostyleff's statement that imitative poets "lack a personal mechanism of verbal reactions" to a statement that, though fully equipped with such a mechanism, (many such poets have, even among literary folk, exceptional vocabularies) they lack any peculiarity of sensibility: they do not extend the field of our consciousness in any new direction. This would in turn indicate that M. Kostyleff puts undue emphasis on the merely linguistic aspect of the poet's function, with a faint, though perhaps unintentional, implication that language determines thought rather more than thought determines language. But may not a poet be great even if there be nothing remarkably original or bizarre about his work with respect to language or style,—great by reason of the poetic content, or thought, rather than for verbal or prosodic brilliance? . . . This brings us to the fact that there are two great tendencies in poetry,—two kinds of poetic value; and the classification seems to obtain for other arts as well. In one of them the emphasis is on the externals,—on form, style, color, texture, with the intention of producing a sensorial effect as brilliant as possible; in the other the emphasis is on the content, and the style is made secondary, a transparent glass through which one may most perfectly see. Clearly, it is on poetry of the former rather than of the latter class that M. Kostyleff has based his conclusions: the lyric and decorative rather than the philosophical and narrative. For it is obvious at once that in poetry of the latter class the direction of the poem would not be dictated by the automatic unfolding of associated verbal chain reflexes, but, on the contrary, that the verbal mechanisms themselves would be directed throughout by the original poetic theme. . . .

If it is true, therefore, that M. Kostyleff has thrown an extremely interesting light on one mechanical aspect of literary creation, he clearly fails, indeed he does not attempt, to bring this aspect of it into relation with the aspect studied

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by Freud. We are shown parts of the machine, but not the machine in motion. What, after all, is the compelling power at the bottom of poetic creation? If it were merely a matter of mechanical reactions, on a verbal plane, blind and accidental, it is obvious that one experience quite as much as another would cause a poetic precipitate in the poet's mind. But we know this not to be true. It is apparent that some selective principle is at work: some affective principle, or pleasure principle, which vitally concerns the poet. He reacts more acutely and more richly to some stimuli than to others; and even among these reactions he exercises a rigid system of suppression and selection. To be sure this power is self-generating, once started,—by accretion the affects intensify and perpetuate themselves, leaving always a richer deposit of associations, a greater capacity for prolonged cerebral response. But we must not forget that this selective principle has its beginning somewhere, that it is universal, that it arises in accordance with some need. Every man, as it has become commonplace to remark, is in some degree a poet. In consequence it is clear that in dealing with poetry we are dealing with something which plays some specific and organic part in the life of man. This, in default of any more plausible suggestion, brings us back to the theory of Freud. It is to some deep hunger, whether erotic or not, or to some analogous compulsion, that we must look for the source of the power that sets in motion the delicate mechanism, on another plane, which M. Kostyleff has begun to illuminate for us. It is clear that this is not merely a sexual hunger, nor an aesthetic hunger, nor an ethical hunger, though all may have their place in it. . . . Is it merely in general the hunger of the frustrate (which we all are) for richer experience?

However we answer that question, it is certain that such objective studies of literature as this of M. Kostyleff indicate for us a new method in literary criticism. With the clouds of myth and mystery blown away, we begin to see more clearly; we shall be better able to understand and to discriminate. And if we are thus made to see that literature plays a vital functional part in our lives, we must eventually begin to value our literature, *more consciously,* in the degree in which it fulfils that function.

CONRAD AIKEN.

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BEFORE THE WAR—III

NOTES ON THE GENIUS OF PLACES

BY VERNON LEE

HAMPTON COURT

Yesterday afternoon, returning to stay here, and again this morning, I have experienced not merely the imaginative quality of this place, but, mingled and harmonized with it, the emotional flavor of the days spent here last year with their Autumn poignancy and the poignancy also, of the eve of revisiting Germany. For the special emotion of travel attaches sometimes less to places we go to, than to those whence we are about to start. Anyhow, I have had, since returning here, a curious pervading feeling of farewell. And this fits in with the weather: one of those white misty mornings which, in the North, bring Autumn into midsummer, seeming to muffle sounds, the birds' chirp becomes suddenly dominant; and bringing out, with autumnal poignancy, the color of flowers and old brick-work.

Yesterday morning, in Bushey Park, I walked on the grass embedded with dry linden-flowers, walked down the vista of huge black trunks fringed even to the ground with green twigs. I wonder by what submerged association such limes, sprouting in their gnarledness, possess an absurd pathos for me, cause a little squeeze in the throat, mean age, the remote, and romance.

Round the big pond anglers were lazily intent strewing its bank with the bread of their bait. And on one side of the park spread a school-treat's merry-go-rounds and tents, little knots of blue and pink girls scattering across the bracken, whence rose flights of roe-deer, and the funny coughing bleat of the dams to their fawns leading them through the water.

Democracy grown up in the shelter of feudalism, this England, grown in a manner so orderly it might have been

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directed, like London street traffic, by the paternal policeman! That is one of the charms of Hampton Court: that these wonderful flowerbeds are virtually for the people stacked in the electric cars and charàbancs, and who spend hours examining varieties and taking down names from labels; their hungry imagination filled, no doubt, with that scent of exotic lilies which has got to express, for me, the elaborate exquisiteness of certain old fashioned English drawing rooms, where those tall white flowers stand stacked against the black and gold lacquer and carved oak.

Hampton Court, July 22.

AUGUST HARVEST-FIELDS

Among the South Downs, sitting at noon on a freshly reaped field, my back against a corn-stook; boisterous wind driving cloud shadows across my paper. I have just walked along a still unharvested field of wheat, extending to where the Downs descend with their chalk-scars and bushes. Under the wind, not tragic here in the valley, but merely playful, each separate ear rocks in its heavy ripeness, the whole swaying mass only the more unbroken. And the thought rushes up: how do these millions of serried undulating stalks compare, in number, to the armies now arraying against one another? If every man were changed into an ear of corn (and every man is indeed a despised corn-ear of the bodily and spiritual food of the world, a corn-ear about to be burnt down or trampled), would that give some picture of all those youths, ready for War's reaping-machine to whirl its Cultur through them rank by rank? Would the human crowd of those gone forth to kill and be killed, be less or more than these innumerable blades and ears? I have no notion. But perhaps a larger field even than this would be required to count, to symbolise, the human beings whom war is going to plunge into death and starvation and mourning.

August 6, 1914.

ON THE NORMAN MOORS

These last weeks on the Scottish Border have been haunted by a certain thought, perpetually intermeshing with the real scenery before my eyes; and no less with the after-

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image thereof, in which, as may happen to all of us, I went on living a little while after leaving that country.

The thoughts in question came upon me suddenly one of those bitter mornings of premature winter, as the car swished down and up again through a little place called Green Haig: a half dozen black houses in a shallow trough between the endless empty moors of sere grass and rusty heather, where storms descend from moment to moment out of clear skies and sweep across these uplands, a hamlet whose bleak remoteness is brought home all the more for the few yellow birches in the burn and the steep roads crossing through it, as one feels, from nowhere to nowhere.

Well! The thought which struck me passing through Green Haig was that no remoteness, not even this, has been of avail against the war-tentacles. These half dozen black cottages have given their tribute of young men to the labyrinthine monster; and wheresoever in this England two or three lonely houses huddled together there you may see in the windows that colored card which at a distance has a queer look of representing a crimson chalice, a grail-cup full of consecrated blood.

Neither does the thought stop there, but goes on to whatsoever tiniest and remotest places I could remember seeing in other countries: huts on the pasture-tops of the lava,—coulées of Auvergne; minute Gascon towns gathered into feudal defences round some square Angevin church; hamlets on Apennine crests where the mules unload their charcoal, or like that place, just a few Venetian farms in the reclaimed lagoon-land, where we once spent a night on the way to the forsaken site of Aguileia. And, no less! those German villages with their apple-trees and crucifix and onion-shaped belfry accentuating the solitude and mystery of the great Franconian-Rhône fir-forests.

The sense of such remoteness and seclusion, grim or tender as may be, from the world's beaten ways is one of the most delightful of the intuitions, or perhaps delusions, of travel. One never forgets the places which have given it to one. And now with the thought of them is coupled the knowledge that thence also the lads have been marched away, thither also the tidings of wounds or captivity or death have been, and are ever being, brought.

Chipchase Castle, Nov., 1916. VERNON LEE.

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A LETTER TO A NEIGHBOR

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

MY DEAR NEIGHBOR:

IT will always be a deep regret to me that I was unable on account of illness to be at the meeting on the Sunday evening before a number of you went to camp; but Dr. Pershing, who, like his cousin, General Pershing, is not without stern ideas of command, forbade my going. Deprived of that opportunity, I am, so soon as equal to it, writing to all the Selected Men of our neighborhood this letter, which is in part what I should have said if with you then.

No one, as he begins to realize what this world conflict means—and it has taken time for us all to understand it fully—can look into your faces or think of what you are about to do without an increasing emotion. Then, too, it is possible that I experience that emotion somewhat more than would a stranger, for to the fathers and mothers of many of you boys my father was for years in this neighborhood the beloved physician; and he put aside more than one offer which would have been to his worldly advantage to go elsewhere, because he chose to live his life here, among them of whom he was rightly so fond.

Knowing, therefore, the stock from which you have come, I can testify how you will acquit yourselves; and I am sure that my feeling towards you, in a sense peculiar to myself, justifies me in writing to you as one affectionate neighbor to another.

It had been suggested that I speak to you on the day of your parade, but those in charge of the entertainment thought it better that you have one evening undisturbed by any serious address. Nevertheless it occurred to me, and doubtless to you as well, that there was evidence then of the emotion I refer to, as the gentlewomen of this neighbor-

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hood, out of an awakened devotion, came literally to serve you at dinner. What they did was intended to be symbolic of the higher service they and all of us would render you, in recognition of the service you are to render to your country and to the world. There was, too, an added bit of sentiment when at each table on their request you wrote out your names for those who had thus served you—and they for you their names on your request—so that you both might feel in closer touch with one another in the momentous days to come.

Indeed something of vital consequence had happened; for the day before you scarcely knew them and perhaps cared less about them, and it was the same, doubtless, with them concerning you. Then, in a moment, the spirit of brotherhood abroad in the land gives them towards you and you towards them a new-born sense of kinship.

Against such an army, when disciplined—of which the recruits are thus sent forth—no machine-made army, however vast, can stand.

The arrogant German nation committed the fatal error of presuming that its cruel army was an army to conquer with. But a conquering army is not an aggregation of units drilled to do evil things. It is a body of devotional men disciplined by resolve as well as by the manual exercise, having one heart that throbs with a common human impulse, and one soul quickened by a transforming faith. Such is this new and Grander Army of the Republic, in which you are to be the good soldiers.

This machine-made army, moreover, is nothing but a manifestation of German development, which in matters of socialistic advancement, such as governmental fostering of industry, old age pensions and the practical abolition of poverty, we had been taught to believe had so much to its credit. Now we must conclude that this so-called civilization was not "made in Germany," as goods were made in Germany, to be sent to all the world for the world's advantage, but made in Germany for German consumption; made in Germany so that the German conscience might be drugged with the full dinner pail; made in Germany so that Germans might be strong at the appointed time to rush forth in fury to send brave but unprepared men to death and captives into bondage, and to do the wrong compared with which bondage and death is a benediction.

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We are told by President Wilson that the German nation is to be divided into its people and the ruling classes. May we all share this thought. Though remembering the unspeakable things the German soldier and officer has done of his own motion, as well as by command, to create within the subjugated territory of Belgium and France "An Empire of Death," let us resolve that for "The Day" of the brutal toast of degenerate roisterers there shall be substituted the day of an awful reckoning for the miscreant, whether of high or low estate. Let us welcome the coming of this day, not in a spirit of vengeance, but with the thought that these horrors shall never happen again, and that through such compulsory sacrifice there may be some hope of absolution for the German race.

The occasions have been many in history when nations have been required to defend the integrity of their country, the lives of their citizens and the honor of their flag. At no time, however, have the enlightened peoples of the world stood shoulder to shoulder, not only to defend what is peculiarly their own but imperilled civilization which a mad nation would destroy. You are like the Crusaders of old; and yet the Crusades, despite all their exalted chivalry, compared with this war, were almost visionary. For those wars of the centuries were waged to wrest from infidel barbarians the tomb to which so much of modern civilization is traceable, while your high calling is to put on the khaki of opportunity, to the end that you may do your privileged part not only in saving that civilization, but in establishing a new reign of justice and righteousness among men. Surely in such a crisis you could not think of exchanging that khaki for civilian attire, were the choice accorded you.

Even men who have forfeited much of the esteem of their fellow men and who must be strangers to many thoughts which urge you on, are laying down their lives without a murmur—not for their country, since some of them can scarcely be said to have a country, but for mankind. You have doubtless heard of the Foreign Legion in France. Into its ranks men may come, whatever their past, with not even the surrender of citizenship. France does not ask of these men "What have you done?" but "What are you willing to do?" Some of the riff-raff of the world are in it, but they have done deeds of which history will be very proud. Nor have these men, save in heroic endeavor, changed overmuch.

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A short time since there was a description of this Foreign Legion in one of our well-known magazines. The narrator told how he had fallen asleep in a temporary trench, with the dirt piled high in front of him. He awoke to realize that a German shell had struck this dirt and buried him alive. Suddenly he heard the sound of digging and knew that his comrades were striving to rescue him; and by-and-by they succeeded. Later his gratitude was somewhat tempered by the rather humorous discovery that one of his rescuers had taken his money belt. Yet no grievance is harbored against the light-fingered benefactor; on the contrary, excuses are offered for him, ending with this all-embracing thought of our common brotherhood in this warfare: "Besides, he was a member of the Legion."

Realize, too, that along with the khaki, you have put on something you are never to take off and become the men you were. When you come back, as the most of you will, do not think for a moment if you are a carpenter that you are to drive a nail or saw a board or build a house, as you once did; or if a bayman that you will row or sail a boat in the old way, or if a farmer that you will guide a plow as before. No, into your life has come a vision, without which, in the language of Scripture, the people perish. In a measure it has come into the lives of all of us, as well as into your lives. Favored by the light of this vision men will not go about their accustomed walks of life with quite so many idle, aimless thoughts. Something, which though it seems new is very old, has been born again among us, signifying that more than ever before are we to take our neighbor and the State into account in our scheme of life; and to the extent that we all cherish this something of the spirit and compel it to grow, will the responsive citizenship of America become one of the chief and increasing glories of the world.

You must have seen more than the beginnings of this new impulse among your neighbors: There is Mr. Pettit, Chairman of the Exemption Board, to which this community can never discharge its debt of gratitude. He it was who, with eloquent voice, told you so persuasively what the call of our country means; and to the honor of this community for all time, of less than 400 men who have gone to camp 250 of them were practically volunteers, without any claim of right to the exemption many were entitled to. You were not so much Called to the Colors as that you Came to

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the Colors. Then there was Dr. Pershing, the good physician among us, untiring in his efforts. It was the delight of both these men to give lavishly of their professional time to the embarrassment of their practice; and throughout it all they were ably seconded in their efforts by the unremitting, unselfish work of their associate, Mr. Kelsey. Nor must you forget what Mr. Adelberg—a stranger almost to many of you—did in opening his "Cedarhurst Hall" for each contingent of you as you went away, not only providing the dinner for you and the entertainment afterwards, but housing you there for the night in such attractive surroundings.

Above all, I know you will keep as a thing very precious the memory of the devotion of the fine men and women of this neighborhood who, in season and out of season, have sought to minister to you by their constant, sympathetic interest, and who have made a covenant with themselves and with you, that in no way shall one of the loved ones whom you leave behind suffer deprivation of any material comfort, because you have gone to serve your country.

Of course, there is no regret on behalf of yourself that under such auspices you go to the front; on the contrary, you must feel something like the thrill of a great joy.

"Somewhere in France" this or that part of our army is often reported to be by the newspapers. You, too, will soon be "Somewhere in France." Well, suppose the worst —for soldier-fashion you must look that contingency in the face without faltering—and that one of you was certain he would be in France forever! This would not deter men like you. For in the hour of your country's peril the alternative would be, if you had the choice to make it, to live the humdrum life we all more or less are compelled to live and then reach a ripe—no, it would not be a ripe, would it, but rather a rotten old age—and be buried in some unvisited grave in a neglected cemetery with a headstone telling when you died. Though if one of you is thus to be forever in France, be sure that there will be lines on the pages of history—as imperishable as the heroism of a supreme sacrifice always is—telling not *when* you died but *how* you died. For your country would write your epitaph.

This, however, would not be the end, for to die like that is not to die but to live. And when the most of you come back do not think for a moment that you are to come back without the few who may thus be forever in France. No!

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Within your ranks, as really as if they were there in bodily presence, they will come with you—perhaps to the Hall of your leave-taking that you may be greeted there by some of us—to influence your lives and the lives of their families, and the lives of all men in the land, in a larger degree than you can ever do yourselves. I do not care whether one belongs to the Roman Catholic Church or the Protestant Church or to no church or what his views are of an hereafter, he is a Fool who does not believe in the survival of the spiritual in the world; and he is a greater Fool who does not believe that the spirit of the man who dies that the spiritual may live is itself immortal.

Let me add this. Life is not to be all vision. There must be the admixture of sight, for if there be too much of either, men stumble in one way or the other. The sight you must have along with your vision is not alone a willingness but a cheerful eagerness to undergo the drudgery of camp training so that you may learn enough of the cruel trade of war to be fitted for the work you are to do. Otherwise, you are not likely to be good soldiers of the Republic but victims of your own folly. A sullen acquiescence in what doubtless may often seem to you irksome and unnecessary exactions will not suffice; but work, set to the music of a song, will mean that your patriotism is a faith and does not begin and end with lip-service and flag-cheering.

I had intended in my address to remind you of that wonderful Bible story of Gideon as illustrative of the need of fitness for warfare, and I asked Mr. Bumpus, our Episcopal clergyman—who spends so much of his time in doing things for others—to tell it for me to those at the meeting. Let me tell it to all of you, for it is worth the re-telling.

Some of you perhaps may not even recall it, for, alas, so few people read the Bible to-day. And though I do not wish to usurp the province of the minister and speak as a revivalist, let me urge upon you, whether or not you look upon the Bible as the book of orthodoxy it was once regarded to be, the wisdom of reading it at all times, and particularly now. For many reasons it is well for you to do this. Even if you wish only to have a vocabulary above that of the street corner, you must know the Bible words and Bible diction. But, believe me, you will discover much more in the Bible than its vocabulary. When at the suggestion of

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Mr. Choate, who died serving his country, I once wrote an essay on the Bible—he told me that scarcely a day passed when he did not read this Book of Books. I shall be glad to send each of you, who will let me know that he would care for it, an autographed copy of this little volume; because if the book has any merit it is that of persuading persons to turn to the Bible and learn of its treasures.

Now, this story of Gideon is told something after this fashion; and as in so many other Bible stories, the characters are supposed to talk with God.

Over against Gideon and his army is the host of the Midianties, and he is not, as you are, even confident of the issue of the coming battle. He asks, therefore, for this sign from the Lord: that if in the evening he spread out the fleece of wool, in the morning the earth about the fleece should be dry and the fleece of wool wet with the dew. The sign was given him, and the story says that the next morning he " wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl full of water." Yet he wished to be reassured and for the next morning he asked that the fleece which he was again to spread out should be dry and the earth about it wet. Again it was as he had asked and now he was prepared to lead the attack; but the Lord said that the army must first be sifted so as to know of its courage. Therefore He told Gideon to offer to all those that were " fearful or afraid " the choice to depart, and more than a score of thousands went their way. Once more Gideon was ready to give battle, but the Lord required now that the army be sifted again to learn of its prudence. Accordingly he was directed to take those that remained to the water, and try them there by the manner of their drinking; and all those who bowed upon their knees to the water, thoughtless of the danger before them, were to be put aside, and only those who caught the water in their hands and lapped of it, as " a dog lappeth of water," with eyes to the front and on the foe, were to be chosen to answer to the roll-call. Then though but three hundred remained, these tried men went forth and prevailed.

So, because you are to go forth, not only fervent of spirit and unafraid, but disciplined in valor and with your faces toward the light, I, on behalf of our neighborhood and of all neighborhoods in this land wish you good cheer and God-speed.

October 27th, 1917. JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

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A YANKEE AT THE KAISER'S COURT

BY CLARENCE H. GAINES

During the four years preceding the breaking-off of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany our country was represented at the court of the Kaiser by a typical American, shrewd, straightforward, not easy to bluff, possessing the tact, firmness and humor that we like to think of as national characteristics. The man who was able to get on in the friendliest way with all the German officials with whom he dealt, who combined businesslike efficiency with perfect dignity and courtesy of behavior, and who was also capable of saying to an emissary of the Imperial Government that he would " stay here until Hell freezes over " before he would sign a certain document, has certainly endeared himself to the hearts of the American people.

A good deal of what Ambassador Gerard tells us in his book, *My Four Years in Germany,* could doubtless be collected by a diligent reader from other sources. This is not true of some of the most interesting observations in the volume, and it is also not true, of course, as regards the achievements of Ambassador Gerard himself. But since it is obvious that the author does not consider the chief value of his work to lie in the accounts he modestly gives of his work in looking after prisoners of war or in getting Americans out of Germany; since the story he tells of his efforts to protect American oil interests in Germany has for its point not the efficiency of Gerard but the intense surprise of the Germans that the United States should be willing to do anything at all for the Standard Oil Company!—since, in brief, the book is best considered rather as a message to the American People than as a report—it is right to

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give prominence to the author's conclusions rather than to his acts. What Gerard tells us is authoritative; it is fact, or theory verified by observation and confirmed by the diplomat's sixth sense. What is more, the frame of mind evidenced throughout the treatise is exactly that sane and safe —but not too safe—temper that every one of us would like to make his own. Each chapter of the book is a lesson in good sense, worldly-wise idealism, spirited patriotism. And continually a clear note of warning is sounded.

In attempting to explain the psychology of the German people, it has been customary to lay much stress upon the false philosophy and the non-Christian ethics which that people has been taught to believe in as gospel truth. This is an easy and interesting explanation of German behavior, acceptable because it suggests the possibility of a prompt recovery on the part of the German people from their madness. But the cause referred to, though real, is of course inadequate. For the ultimate cause we must look deeper.

Among the more popular writers, Gerard is perhaps the first to estimate fully and correctly the effect upon German minds and nerves of a past hideous with war and the privations that war occasions. And in doing this he has emphasized a truth that we should take to heart, for what we need to cultivate in ourselves is not a pharisaical sense of superiority in our knowledge of the truth, but a grim realization of the weight of German imponderables.

The effect produced upon the German people by ingrained, hereditary fear, and by the experience of success and immunity resulting from submission to a military caste, has been reinforced by the most elaborate and effective system for the control of public opinion that the world has ever known; and this system has included the deliberate inculcation of national egoism and military brutality. We may now realize that the German "circle system" of voting was not only an injustice to the German people (who were, however, contented) but a potential menace to humanity. We may now understand that German ruffianism was not merely a by-product of German militarism, but in the eyes of the Government a virtue necessary for the future rulers of the world. "I think," writes Gerard, "there must have been a period quite recently when the German Government tried to imbue the people with a greater degree of frightfulness, because all of us in visiting camps, etc., observed that the

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landsturm men or older soldiers were much more merciful than the younger ones."

That the members of the military caste possess Spartan virtues, narrow but incorruptible minds, great personal bravery, and true loyalty, the author more than once compels us to see. In the interests of both sanity and prudence it is well that we should see it; for to underrate the virtues of the enemy is both unsafe and unwholesome. Good qualities in the service of evil ends, though they are not pleasant or reassuring to contemplate, are far better to look upon than depravity; and the behavior of von Jagow, who after his fall took charge of a hospital at Libau, helps to lift the cloud of moral poison-gas which the war has generated.

Others have described the German system with some fulness, but none has given so compact and memorable an account of it as has Gerard, and none has so convincingly combined well-weighed opinion with first-hand observation. German government, the *Rat* system, by which social distinctions are intensified and perpetuated, the effect of numberless officials upon private and public life, the control of the Government over schools and newspapers, the skilful enslavement of the working people, the tying up of land for unlimited periods—all these methods of autocracy are explained by the author, and their actual workings are shown by striking examples. "There is a real system of caste in Germany," writes Gerard. "For instance, I was playing tennis one day with a man, and while dressing afterwards I asked him what he was. He answered that he was a *Kaufmann* or merchant. For the German this answer was enough. It placed him in the merchant class. I asked him what sort of *Kaufmann* he was. He then told me he was president of a large electrical company." This is but one of many revealing anecdotes.

Von Buelow told us all plainly enough that the Socialists could never amount to anything in Germany as a political party; and events since the publication of his book, *Imperial Germany,* have shown the correctness of his view. Yet Americans are still prone to fix their hopes in some measure upon the Social-Democrats. Those who expect these radicals to bring about a revolution in advance of the utter defeat of the German armies should first lay to heart Gerard's deliberately expressed statement that Germany will never make peace because of revolution, and secondly

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should duly estimate the force of the following anecdote: "After a successful French attack in the Champagne, I heard it said of a German woman, whose husband was thought to be killed, that her rage and despair had been so great that she had said she would become a Social-Democrat; and her expression was repeated as showing to what lengths grief had driven her." The unfortunate fact is that "men of reasonable and liberal views, who do not wish to declare themselves against both religion and morality," can scarcely find in Germany a political refuge; and it seems obvious that the Socialists are unfitted by their nature and their position to exert real influence.

Reason and liberalism, however, are not dead in Germany; they are merely in abeyance. Von Bethmann-Hollweg is, in Gerard's opinion, "liberal at heart," and Helfferich, as judged by the same shrewd observer, is opposed to militarism. More significant, however, than the accessibility of certain prominent men to advanced ideas is the changing attitude of the whole people as revealed in the Zabern Affair of 1913-1914. What was obvious in this affair was the ultimate triumph of militarism; what was studiously concealed was the alarm felt by the Imperial Government lest the German people were getting ready to demilitarize themselves. It was this alarm, our former ambassador fully believes, which determined the Emperor and the ruling classes for war. There is thus a possibility of the formation in Germany of a great liberal party—a party with which the Entente Allies could safely make peace;—and the political alliance of all liberal and reasonable men would become comparatively easy if the Centrum should cease to be a purely Catholic party. But the wished-for consummation is hardly to be expected until the German soldiers have returned defeated from their trenches.

How soon that will be, no one now knows. What is certain is that in Germany the influence of the military dominates, and will dominate until the victory we all hope for and believe in arrives. Some of the most interesting passages in Gerard's book point to the weakness of the Foreign Office and the Chancellor, or to the immense power wielded by Ludendorf and his like. Gerard's notes to the Foreign Office requesting the German Government to agree to some definite plan for the inspection of prisoners were sent by the recipients to the military authorities, who did

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not answer them. Our ambassador found that he never came in contact with the persons who really passed upon the notes, and in order to secure consideration of his plans, he was obliged to say to the Chancellor, "If I cannot get an answer to my proposition about prisoners, I will take a chair and sit in front of your palace on the street until I receive an answer." On the whole one may gather that the civil authorities would have preferred to be rather more decent than the military permitted them to be.

As to the attitude of militarized Germany toward democratic America, we at present have no illusions; but this was not always the case, and, as Demosthenes told the Athenians, it is never profitless to review our past for the purpose of correcting our mistakes.

In the past, then, we failed to understand "the underlying hatred of an autocracy for a successful democracy" or the envy which the wealth, liberty, and commercial success of America aroused in German hearts, or the deep and strong resentment of the German Government and people against the Monroe Doctrine.

That Germany was incapable of comprehending the mind of America we were at first somewhat slow to learn. We know it now; but there is still a revelation in store for those simple-minded persons who do not perceive that any acute and well-informed German must have seen that President Wilson would not and could not declare war, and that the Lusitania note was a mere sop to public opinion. Germans did not simply doubt that the United States would adopt universal military service; they knew that it would not, and said so!

That the men in control of the German Government thought America extremely gullible, the whole course of their negotiations with our Government shows. Additional proof may be found in the constant suggestions made to Gerard regarding alleged danger to America from Japan, in various mysterious negotiations through which it was sought to entangle or put off the American Ambassador, in the extraordinary demand made upon Gerard to sign what was practically a treaty after the severance of diplomatic relations, in the Kaiser's telegram to President Wilson, which was not immediately given to the American press for a reason that throws a curious side-light on the contents of that historic communication. Nevertheless, it is clear that there were in Germany men who wanted peace with

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America and who favored a straightforward policy in dealing with her.

Gerard has effectively portrayed the enemy that we are now fighting. He has done this in the course of an unpretentious and not too lengthy narrative, but he has done it with quite sufficient thoroughness. He has described the German "system" with great clearness and sobriety—not omitting to point out the danger that American commerce must face after the war in Germany's plan of socialized buying and selling, or to suggest the unpopular inference that some modification of our methods of dealing with the "trusts" may be required. He has written impartially, disagreeing, for example, with the popular estimate of the Crown Prince, and conveying the impression that by no means all Germans are discourteous, heartless or inaccessible to reason. His book is pitched in the right key to reach American ears. It expresses, moreover, that undismayed, undeceived, and soberly resolute spirit that is the spirit of America. There has been need of a book about Germany for Americans, written by an American with fullest knowledge and adequate responsibility—a book that would be read not merely by the student of history but by the merchant, the farmer, the housewife, as well. Such a book Gerard has written. One does not know of any other person in America today who could have done the like.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

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DRAMA AND MUSIC

BERNSTEIN'S "L'ÉLÉVATION."—THE LITTLE THEATRES AGAIN.—THE RED CROSS SET TO MUSIC.—NEW FRENCH AND AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It seemed for a while, after M. Henri Bernstein had sent his latest play, *L'Élévation,* to the stage of the Comédie Française, where it has triumphed during many months, as if perhaps we were to see at last a war play touched with a penetrating sense of spiritual values. It was said in Paris that M. Bernstein had really turned this very formidable trick—although to do so he must needs have been born again artistically: for it was another Frenchman, Adolphe Brisson, who, writing in *Le Temps,*—with a passion of moral indignation worthy of Brooklyn or Boston or Montclair,—said that in Bernstein's plays "there is not a ray of sunshine over the mud; not a flower blossoming in the sewer: no ideal, no sacrifice: over all is the dull satisfaction of the appetites, wallowing in the dirt; death, nothingness." Which was taking the author of *Le Voleur* very seriously indeed—as if one should reproach Mr. George M. Cohan for not being poetical, or Sir James Barrie for not being "red-blooded." But after *L'Élévation* it was said that M. Bernstein had, amazingly, risen to the heights implied in his own title, and had produced a great war play. Since a time of war is a time when miracles come down upon the earth and play familiarly with common things—a time of spiritual transferences and inversions—who could have said, in advance of the event, that M. Bernstein had not shared in the general alteration? And now Miss Grace George has shown us *L'Élévation* in an English version at The Playhouse, where we can assess it for ourselves.

M. Bernstein aims to exhibit the ennobling effect of war

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upon the three participants in that immortal trio of the sexes which sings its passionate dissonances even in a world under bombardment. Out of the slough of selfishness (his thesis is) war lifts us to the heights. It is a pity that from a score of available emotional hypotheses which might have revealed his moral, M. Bernstein should have been so unfortunate as to hit upon a series of dramatic postures which, though depriving him of his beloved *scéne à faire,* supply no compensating illumination of his new-born idealism. The soldier-lover yields his mistress to her husband only upon his death-bed; his mistress agrees to return to her husband only when her lover is about to be denied her. A renunciation which merely says a pious amen to the enforced relinquishments of destiny leaves one somewhat unpersuaded of its transcendent spiritual valor. As for the beginning of Suzanne's ascent to The Heights, that is accomplished at the insignificant cost of deserting the husband who adored her, and who had condoned and even justified her unfaith. Suzanne, indeed, in her callous expression of preferences, reminds one of the remark of that most famous naturalist in contemporary fiction who, when urgently interrogated by a female relative as to why he did not take to matrimony, replied quite simply, "Because, my dear Mary, I prefer adultery." So it is with Suzanne. She and her lover are merely a pair of sanctimonious opportunists, sacrificing only what they were compelled by Fate to disgorge. Cartier, the admirable husband, is the only treader of The Heights in this psychic landscape.

M. Bernstein has deluged all the interstices of his dramatic action with a copious and effluvial romanticism that is shockingly out of keeping with the stark nobility and exaltation of his subject. Would a dramatist who had genuinely and profoundly felt the stupendous readjustments of war permit himself to debase so great a theme as that which is exhibited in his second act—the antique and simple theme of the creative potency of belief and faith—by exploiting its merely sentimental implications to make a theatrical deathbed holiday? And yet, for all its shoddy emotionalism, M. Bernstein's drama is the only play that has come to us this season which even attempts to observe and estimate the spiritual precipitations of the War; and for that reason there can be nothing but thanks for the enterprise of Miss George in bringing to pass its American production—

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especially since it permits us to watch Miss George herself in the accomplishment of the most beautifully reticent and affecting piece of histrionism that the New York stage has seen in a good many months. Being offered a hundred incentives to exuberant clamancy, Miss George has quietly ignored them all, and has contented herself with a sustained and exquisite indication of character and mood.

We do not know if Professor Brander Matthews would grant wisdom to the æsthetic dicta of Mr. George Moore. We are inclined to doubt it. Therefore Professor Matthews must forgive us for saying that a sentence in his article, "The Case of the Little Theatres," in last month's Review, reminded us, by inversion, of Mr. Moore. Professor Matthews objects to certain plays produced by the Little Theatres on the ground that they were "unduly sombre." It was this sentence which reminded us of Mr. George Moore. Professor Matthews justifies his regret by citing with warm approval Matthew Arnold's quotation of Schiller's assertion that "all art is dedicated to joy, and there is no higher and no more serious problem than to make men happy; the right art alone is that which creates the highest enjoyment"; and Professor Matthews complains that "only too often . . . the Little Theatres force their audiences to take their pleasures sadly." It was here that we remembered Mr. Moore and his remark that "the sadness of life is the joy of art."

We would suggest that between Schiller's dictum and Mr. Moore's there is no antagonism. We hesitate to believe that Professor Matthews really supposes that what Schiller meant by the "joy" which it is the supreme function of art to exert is the kind of joy which is so successfully diffused by the riant gorgeousness of that dazzling child of Messrs. Dillingham and Ziegfeld, *Miss 1917*. We dare to hint to Professor Matthews that there are dour souls who obtain more "joy" from *Macbeth* or *L'Intérieur* than from *Pollyanna*: that there are sodden spirits for whom that problem which, says Schiller, is surpassingly high and serious: namely, "to make men happy," is more nearly solved by *Boris Godunoff* than by *Hitchy-Koo*.

So we wish that Professor Matthews had not counted it against the Little Theatres that some of their plays were "unduly sombre." To us it seems rather that the most

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treasurous achievements of the Little Theatres as we have known them in New York (this deponent has had no experience of them in other American cities) have been precisely in their commerce with those plays in which "the angel of the darker drink" broods above the destinies of the play and colors the souls of its characters with tragic beauty or tragic terror, or the immitigable loneliness of the human heart, or the estrangements and defeats and terminations of the spirit. The Little Theatres of New York have never so richly justified themselves to certain of their friends as in their sometimes inexpert, but, at their best, their finely sympathetic, interpretations of such "sombre" plays as *L'Intérieur, Aglavaine et Selysette, La Mort de Tintagiles, The Life of Man,* and *Bushido* (as done by the Washington Square Players); *The Glittering Gate, A Night at an Inn,* and *The Queen's Enemies* (as done at the Neighborhood Playhouse); and *Cocaine* (as done by the Provincetown Players).

Professor Matthews has something to say in his article about the enmity of the "commercial" stage in America toward plays of a finer grain than those which are competent to soothe or excite Broadway; and he perceives that only in the Little Theatres, by reason of their peculiar relation to their publics, can such plays hope to emerge. Yet he reproaches the Little Theatres because they "too often . . . force their audiences to take their pleasures sadly." The obvious answer is that, for the undauntedly eupeptic, there is always the Elysium of the "commercial" theatre, where they will find certain and eternal shelter from such sharp affronts to sunniness as *L'Intérieur* and *The Glittering Gate* and *Cocaine.* Doesn't Professor Matthews see that it is unhandsome of him to extoll the Little Theatres for their hospitality to plays that are "deficient in universality of appeal," and then scold them for exercising their special function in the case of that type of play for which they are the one and only refuge? For if plays like *L'Intérieur* are to be shut out from the Little Theatres because they remind Professor Matthews too painfully that life is somewhat less than Arcadian, where in the name of Aristotle are they to find sanctuary?

We hope that the directors of the Little Theatres will not be cast down by Professor Matthews's accusation that they are unduly sombre, and that they will not be fright-

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ened thereby into producing too many things like *The Avenue*: "a comedy of New York," which the Washington Square Players include in their current bill. This is an exudation of the kind of tedious and witless "joyousness" which makes a man a misanthrope for life. It is the kind of thing which the Washington Square Players have done too often in their latter days. It has frivolity without humor, lightness without distinction. It is a thousand miles away from the sort of comedy which the Players have in the past accomplished with so true a distinction. Nor have they been happy in their choice of the other plays on their new bill: a heavy-handed attempt to make dramatic capital out of the suppressions of the New England soul, eked out by an unimaginative use of supernaturalism; and a sea tale, *In the Zone,* which left one curiously at ease in the midst of threatening submarines and the wreckage of a life Cursed by Drink. It is a pity that in choosing a play by Jacinto Benavente, the Players hit upon the least interesting of those which Mr. John Garrett Underhill has lately translated from the Spanish: *His Widow's Husband.* This (at least in the version to be seen at the Comedy) is disappointingly thin and banal.

If we have not hesitated to confess an incomplete satisfaction in the latest offerings of one of the Little Theatres, it is merely because the best that they have given us is by no means easy to forget. They themselves have forfeited immunity from exacting appraisal by their sincerest friends.

Writing in these pages, in the comparatively tranquil month of April, 1916, we wondered why it should not be possible for the art of music to reflect the nobler emotions of war—the pity and sorrow, the exaltation and sacrifice that flow out of it—as deeply and beautifully as poetry has reflected it in the last sonnets of Rupert Brooke. We said then that music had not yet given us the kind of war-inspired emotion and war-inspired beauty that poetry has given us in *The Soldier* of Brooke. Since then we have been curious to see in what way, if at all, the art of music would react to a war of incomparable magnitude and inescapable dominance: and when we heard that Professor Horatio W. Parker had written a work for contralto and orchestra called *The Red Cross Spirit Speaks,* to words by Dr. John H. Finley, we confess to having awaited its performance with

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a measure of expectation only a little modified by dubieties which it would be ungracious to remember if, in the event, they had not been unhappily justified.

Mr. Damrosch gave the work at a concert of the Symphony Society in Carnegie Hall on November 10th, with Mrs. Homer as the singer; and a highly dramatic and vivid exhibition it was, by singer, orchestra, and conductor. Professor Parker and Dr. Finley were in no respect betrayed —they were, indeed, glorified beyond the merits of their deeds. It is a thousand pities that Dr. Finley's altogether creditable admiration for the work of the Red Cross did not find issue in words more richly suffused with eloquent emotion; for then Professor Parker would not have had to face the task of setting music to such lines as these:

> I am *you,* doing what you would
> If you were only where you could.

It is surprising that he has done as well as he has with the material provided by Dr. Finley. Poetic banalities remain, of course, poetic banalities, whether they are glorifying the Red Cross or God or Peter Bell; and the strain on Professor Parker's presumable affection for these verses must have had its dangerous moments.

There are better things to do for the Red Cross than to set it to music, unless you can be reasonably sure that you have chosen a poetic accomplice who will not depress an inherently exalted theme, or—failing that—unless you have excellent grounds for believing that you are able to transfigure verbal earthiness. If we are going to capitalize æsthetically the sublimations of war, it will enormously assist the courage and faith of those who hope for the survival of invaded spiritual territories if this particular task is left to poets, artists, and music-makers whose imaginations are of demonstrated caloric intensity.

And even then we shall not be sure of our reward, if we must take warning from the sort of thing that seems to have happened during the War to men of the rarest and most indubitable genius. What, for example, has occurred within the soul of Claude Debussy that, in the midst of a France convulsed, he can bring himself to publish such trivial stuff as his new sonata for violin and piano (the copyright date on the score is 1917) which Mr. Eddy Brown recently played in New York for the first time?

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Through this prettily feeble music float the emaciated wraiths of once lovely presences—weary ghosts from the wonderworld of *Pelléas* and *Ibéria,* and even less patrician ghosts: ghosts who belong on the estates of Grieg and Puccini. It would be hard to choose between this gracefully impotent production and Debussy's trite and vacuous *Noël des Enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons,* of which we wrote in dejection a year and a half ago. If the War has thus lamentably disabled his spirit, those who in the past have most deeply felt the unique power of Debussy's genius cannot but pray that he will never write again.

It is a relief to turn from such writing as this of Debussy's to some music that we have lately had from American hands. That fact in itself is worth celebration: for it is a sufficiently startling experience to find oneself discovering triviality and tepidness in a modern musical Frenchman, and gravity and passion in an American: yet that is what results if one sets the new piece of Debussy's that we have been discussing alongside of Mr. Henry F. Gilbert's symphonic prologue to Synge's *Riders to the Sea,* which Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic Society played to their New York audience several weeks ago. The difference is that Mr. Gilbert has really had some inward tension to discharge; and he has stopped when that discharge was accomplished. It is just as obvious that Debussy was merely making music for violin and piano. He could have spun out indefinitely the kind of sophisticated prettiness that fills the three movements of his sonata, which does not at any point explain why it was written. That is to say, Debussy's piece belongs to an order of music which even the greatest masters have put forth by the yard; there is a vast quantity of it signed by the most exalted names in the records of the art. Debussy's sonata is no worse, for example, than some of the piano sonatas of Mozart. One might call it " unnecessitated music," and let it go at that. Mr. Gilbert's is of the kind that was clearly necessitated. One knows that he was compelled to set down this music. We have no intention of implying that it wholly satisfies us as a commentary upon Synge's play—for it is neither bitter enough, nor tragic enough, nor terrible enough; nor that it satisfies us *qua* music—for it is wanting in profile and saliency and projective skill. But it is an uncommonly sincere and honest declaration, made because it had to be made. LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE CASE OF JOHN SMITH[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"It's Plato's opinion, sir" (Boswell was speaking), "that Germany, having betrayed her religion and having perverted her science, neither Luther nor Leibnitz has any *locus standi,* and as far as Kant is concerned, he agrees with Aristotle that the Court has too many philosophers already." You see, the question before the Court was whether Germany can be re-admitted on any terms to the comity of nations. The proceedings had opened with a speech from Tolstoi—very good in its way, if a little sloppy in places. Universal brotherhood was his ticket, non-resistance to evil and so on. "Of course," as Boswell observed, "it doesn't quite work out, but it was a very creditable effort, very creditable indeed—especially for an old man who can't button his own collar." The proposal of Spinoza that Germany should be more fully represented than by himself, Goethe, and Beethoven, was opposed, as we have seen, by Plato and Aristotle, upon grounds which seemed to Boswell likely to be accounted just. No doubt the Court was swayed by the eloquence of Lincoln; for, according to Boswell's report, they had Abraham on his legs again, and he gave them a "regular rasper": "he didn't half let Germany have it, sir." And if one wonders how Goethe took it, why, he took it "like a lamb": "he just sat in the corner crying like a child."

If the foregoing may seem, at first glance, a little vague in orientation, you will have to go straight to the original source in the case: the scene at the Wellwood Sanitarium in Mr. Snaith's extraordinary allegorical fantasy which

[1] *The Coming,* by J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1917.

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has left its critics in the unhappy position of not knowing whether they were dealing with a humorist or a mystic (it being inconceivable, of course, that a mystic could stoop to humor, despite the seemingly authentic case of that consummate master of ironic wit, Jesus of Nazareth). At the risk of upsetting, to his own disadvantage, all the snugly applicable formulæ of valuation, Mr. Snaith has committed the literary sin that is beyond shriving: he has confounded classification. We have noted the plight of those wistful souls who have not felt sure whether he was to be sternly dealt with as a "mystic," or indulged as the contriver of a rather laborious jest. There are others who, while unwilling to go the length of interning Mr. Snaith as a "mystic," have yet been unpersuaded whether he was quite serious in this tale of the bucolic visionary who thought he was accomplishing the Second Advent.

It seems like a deliberately unfriendly act on the part of Mr. Snaith that he should upset the critical apple-carts by frivolously mixing a slyly ironic glee, an almost depraved satirical sportiveness, with the exaltation and the passionate gravity of one who discusses religion as if it were still a living force in the kingdoms of the mind. Mr. Snaith should not so disconcertingly and so confusingly misbehave. If he was restive under an assumption of sustained solemnity, he might at least have been obliging enough to indulge in the kind of comic relief—duly compartmented and clearly ticketed—with which Mr. Wells so considerately lightens his discourses upon spiritual themes. But instead of doing this, Mr. Snaith dyes the fabrics of his altar-cloths and his sacerdotal vestments with hues that are bafflingly changeable, so that one instant they are shimmering in the light of his flickering wit and the next are of an impenetrable depth and a richly shadowed beauty. To do this is to break all the rules of the game. One remembers the perplexity of that candid critic in *Fanny's First Play* who asked how a reviewer is to pass an opinion upon a new dramatic composition if he does not know who the author is? So, how is one to appraise a puzzling fiction if one does not know whether one is confronting a spiritual fable or a burlesque?

There is no mistaking the identity of the prototype of Mr. Snaith's John Smith, even though this village dreamer with the gaunt, sensitive, beautiful face and the sunken, luminous eyes, the gentle voice, the strange, exalted speech

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—even though this odd dreamer does unwittingly plagiarize Ibsen to the alienist and the vicar.

"There are harps in the air," observed John Smith.

"I don't hear a sound," said Dr. Parker.

"Nor I," said the vicar—"or if I do, it is the water of the mill by Burkett's farm."

It is scarcely to be wondered at that when John Smith, standing on the furze-clad village common, his frail, bare-headed, poorly-clad figure outlined against the clear sky of an English June, said calmly to the vicar and to Dr. Parker that the voice of God spoke to him continually, the vicar and the doctor abruptly quitted the impious presence of John Smith, leaving him there among the wild orchis and the bracken of the Sussex common, and decided that the public interest demanded his incarceration.

And so John Smith was put away at the instance of Mr. Thomas Perry-Hennington, vicar of the hamlet of Penfold-with-Churly, on the borders of Sussex and Kent—an Oxford-bred Christian "without [in his own words] intellectual smear." The vicar's God was a God who spoke in Mr. Perry-Hennington's ear with the accent of an English public school, and used the language of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Westcott. But after August, 1914—after the retreat from Mons—the Sussex hills, once so tranquil and secure under their sheltering English skies, changed to a world as new and sinister as that disclosed to the startled vision of Mr. Wells's celebrated Bishop. With this enormous difference: that the Bishop awoke to a new heaven and a new earth, whereas Mr. Perry-Hennington merely tossed unhappily in his sleep and dreamed nightmares.

The measure of the profundity of his spiritual slumber and the opacity of the film over his eyes is of course, in Mr. Snaith's searching and deeply-felt parable, the vicar's reaction to John Smith. It is hard to see how the transparency of the parable could have been enhanced. Its symbolism seems as unescapable and as simply poignant as that of a flag-draped coffin at a military funeral. Those naïve and troubled souls who have wondered whether Mr. Snaith was wallowing in "mysticism" or merely joking have perhaps been needlessly perplexed by assuming that he exhibits his village messiah as also the village idiot. But Mr. Snaith, of course, does nothing of the sort. His treatment of John Smith is throughout rigorously objective; and therein lies

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the peculiar force of his parable. It is to the vicar and the local men of science that John Smith seems merely a crack-brained rustic, a religious maniac; it is the vicar who procures his incarceration. Mr. Snaith, manipulating with a gently ironic smile the broadly typified and symbolized marionettes in his dramatic parable, stands non-committally in the wings. Yet for one and all, the moral of his tragi-comedy blazes in the sign above the entrance: "He came to his own and his own knew him not."

We should not quarrel, however, with anyone who chose to say that in this singular and touching book,—that is in the main so shrewd, so witty, so astringent, so deeply pitiful, of so level a gaze, so true a vision,—there are passages of an unpersuasiveness that are hard to forget. We wish that the marvellous and world-conquering drama of John Smith had dropped out of the plot before Mr. Snaith relinquished his manuscript to the publishers; we wish that the vicar had not been converted in just the manner that Mr. Snaith portrays. Yet, after all, if it were not for the incident of the wonderful play and its winning of the Nobel Prize, we should not have had that unforgettable last chapter: surely one of the richest passages in the literature of spiritual satire.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

A DEFENCE OF IDEALISM. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

William James would have read with delight the attack upon his own favorite doctrines in Miss Sinclair's book. He would have loved the style of this critic who has adopted, and femininely improved upon, his own manner of stating an adversary's case more effectively than that adversary could state it for himself; who argues both *pro* and *contra,* not with her mind only, but with her whole soul. In her he would have found no "dry schoolmaster's temperament," no "hurdy gurdy monotony," but keenness, daring, tender-mindedness of the heroic stamp. He would have been tolerant toward her aversion to being classified as tender-minded, and he would perhaps have conceded that unless one runs over the metaphysical hot ploughshares with bare feet the performance is likely to be of little value. The gaiety of Miss Sinclair's performance, seeing that it is the real thing and not a stage trick, must have appealed to him. And Josiah Royce, too, would have been glad to meet in print one who so fully understands that philosophy is a "passionate interest." He would have welcomed this new ally into the Idealistic camp, though graciously differing from her.

The charm of the book must be felt, indeed, by every reader who has the smallest drop of philosophy in his nature, and this charm is not in the least inconsistent with rigorous logic. Miss Sinclair has perhaps written more entertainingly about philosophy than any one since Plato; she has triumphed in the most difficult domain of literary art. So readable is her treatise that one may be easily led to suppose that she is simply writing essays, or "just criticizing." She is doing nothing of the sort: she is criticizing with a big "C," and she needs only to number her paragraphs and mark them with the symbols that mean "section," to appear as methodical as Archbishop Whately or H. G. Wells.

She uses, in short, though one scarcely realizes the fact, the traditional, the inevitable method; that is, she takes up one by one and tears to pieces and condemns the doctrines incompatible with her own, and then, after making some concessions and alterations, holds up her own belief, for reinspection, as relatively unscathed and blameless. What distinguishes her book from works of the more technical sort is that in defending Unity against Plurality she is usually able not merely to involve her opponents in inconsistencies, but to arrive without undue delay at some clear and intelligible distinction—to show, for example, that, although Samuel Butler may play conjurer's tricks with

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the current doctrines of memory and self, "all these dangers and dilemmas are avoided if we do but put self-hood where the plain man puts it, and where our everyday thinking puts it—first."

Butler's views have been thorns in the side of orthodox scientific philosophy; but Miss Sinclair, attacking from quite another direction than that along which the orthodox counter-attack upon Butler has to proceed, experiences no great difficulty in refuting as much of Butler's arguments as she cannot reconcile with her own opinions. This irreconcilable part of Butler is his doctrine of the self in its relation to heredity. Here the point that Miss Sinclair makes clear, if not compelling, is the thought that however great the superiority of unconscious and ancestral life over conscious and individual life may, according to Butler, appear to be, the psycho-analysts (strange helpers, these, for an idealist!) have shown that this same unconscious life, this racial memory, is, more than anything else, a chamber of horrors. It is just in proportion as one raises oneself above the old level, just in proportion as one *sublimates* desires instead of repressing them, that one attains to the real values of life. "It is when I fall short of my part, when I return on my path . . . or when I simply refuse to grow up and persist in being a child, and not a very enterprising or intelligent or original child at that; it is when, in four words, I resign my individuality, that I become inferior. And the word for it is Degeneration." The author persuades one at least not to "go back"! For "to be degenerate is to fail to add the priceless gift of individuality to the achievement of the race," and in extreme cases it results in lunacy.

Bergson is even easier for Miss Sinclair to deal with than is Butler. Bergson's philosophy is indeed a perfect playground for agile and elusive contradictions. All these contradictions, one feels, M. Bergson could eventually reconcile if he could ever catch them all. More important than the work of assisting M. Bergson in this occupation, is the perception of the essential fault, the *hypostasis* that underlies his whole system. This fault Miss Sinclair sees plainly enough. "In the interests of the *Élan Vital,* M. Bergson has ignored everything in consciousness that does not bear upon action; and in consequence of his wholesale rejections, his position is between the devil and the deep sea. The deep sea holds all the 'relations' that he has let 'filter through' . . . and the devil has run away with the possibilities of sensation and the 'intermediary perceptions' which have 'escaped' him."

Vitalism is a "popular" philosophy, and Miss Sinclair criticizes it with success. Pragmatism and Humanism are, or were, also popular in their method and "appeal," and upon these two, Miss Sinclair scores somewhat heavily. It is true that she scarcely begins to analyze the Pragmatic and Humanistic doctrine concerning truth, and that her criticism is chiefly concerned with the Pragmatic and Humanistic conception of God. Nevertheless, she delivers shrewd blows at a somewhat vulnerable spot; for not only does she point out inconsistencies in the Pragmatic and Humanistic scheme of things, but she reveals a secret and shameful craving for unity in the Pragmatic and Humanistic breast.

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Miss Sinclair even carries her war into the camp of the Psycho-physical-parallelists and tilts not without success against the formidable Wundt.

But the New Realism is an enemy of a different breed, as the author herself with some trepidation confesses. The New Realism is not popular philosophy, but technical philosophy. It seeks with grim resolution and by exact methods to solve one of the traditional problems, the problem of knowledge. Hitherto Miss Sinclair has done rather better than her opponents; she has at least asserted and maintained superiority; she has convinced her readers that she and they see the truth in its simplicity as the party in opposition does not. But although she points out difficulties enough in Neo-Realism, she is not successful, as she has been in the previous cases, in cutting the ground from beneath her adversaries' feet or in soaring over the barriers which they erect. Neo-Realism is not destroyed or surrounded; it is merely somewhat damaged. And the author ends by appropriating from it what seems its most questionable feature—its doctrine of universals.

Whether the chapter on mysticism, which the author has introduced, really belongs in a book of serious philosophy is a doubtful but not very important question. Certainly Miss Sinclair has made the subject interesting and she offers at least one new and valuable suggestion. It appears to be true, she says in effect, that in mystical experience the *psyche* usually obeys the tendency to travel backwards to the prehuman state of mind, or at any rate to the early-human, instinctive, fearful, and nightmarish condition; but then it *may* move forward toward the future—a thought the implications of which are exciting if not wholly philosophical.

Many readers of this treatise of Miss Sinclair's will become devotees of philosophy if they are not so to begin with, and all will look forward to the appearance of the author's forthcoming book, *The Way of Sublimation,* in the reasonable expectation that it will prove a moral and mental stimulus of the most effective and beneficent sort.

THE PHILIPPINES, TO THE END OF COMMISSION GOVERNMENT, and THE PHILIPPINES, TO THE END OF THE MILITARY RÉGIME. By Charles B. Elliott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1917.

Americans desiring general information in regard to the Philippines may consult a great variety of fairly reliable and well-written works. There are available in English no fewer than twenty rather popular accounts of these islands. This number includes four books by D. C. Worcester and one, *The Philippine Problem,* by Frederick Chamberlin; it does not include books dealing with special phases of the Philippine question, reports such as that of Charles T. Magoon upon the legal status of the islands acquired by the United States in the war with Spain, nor books dealing with larger matters of foreign policy to which the Philippine problem is germane, such as C. A. Conant's *The United States in the Orient* or Coolidge's *The United States as a World Power.* Nor are important autobiographies like those of Admiral Dewey and Theodore Roosevelt, both of which contain matter

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of lively interest regarding the Philippines, reckoned in making up the number of direct sources of information.

Despite this extensive literature, there is still room, and indeed need, for a more thorough and authoritative work than has yet been produced. Philippine history has been investigated usually in a somewhat perfunctory manner, rather with a view to satisfying curiosity than to establishing historic truths. The Philippine "question" has been largely treated as a subject for debate. Public interest in the work accomplished in the Philippines by the American Commission has been, except when influenced by political opinions, of much the same nature as that inspired by the Panama Canal. Travel books and books descriptive of administrative accomplishment are acceptable and those by writers of wide knowledge and considerable authority, such as Worcester and Chamberlin, are of great value. But even when the full merit of these last two writers, in particular, is recognized, it remains true that a comprehensive work on the Philippines, historic in point of view, and conservative in judgment is sure of a welcome from serious students and from all who desire to base their judgments upon an adequate consideration of the facts.

Such a work has now been given to the public. In two volumes Charles B. Elliott has treated practically every important class of facts relating to the Philippines, shirking no difficulties, yielding to no predilections, treating of the remote past with surprising accuracy and fulness, judging the recent past with judicial fairness and with the realism of a scientific historian. The extent of the field covered in these two volumes is remarkable. The sources that had to be consulted include not less than four hundred important books, pamphlets and official documents. The early history of the islands, the whole theory and practice of colonization, the Spanish and the American administration of Philippine affairs, problems of economics, special problems of transportation—all these and many other topics are clearly and compendiously treated. Readers who realize that large works are properly the outcome of a more rigorous process of sifting and selection than are smaller ones will understand the magnitude of the labor performed by Dr. Elliott and will know how to value the definiteness of the results he has obtained.

Such a book as this should of course be written by one thoroughly familiar with the work of the American Commission in the Philippines and preferably by one who actually took part in that work. Dr. Elliott has both these qualifications and the further qualification that his temper is wholly judicial. Formerly Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, later Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, a member of the Philippine Commission and Secretary of Commerce and Police in the Government of the Philippines, he is eminently fitted to deal with both the larger questions and the technical details of his subject. First-hand knowledge treated by one whose ordinary frame of mind is that of a judge rather than an executive leads to impartiality and breadth of view.

Those who wish to form an unbiassed opinion regarding the policy of the United States toward the Philippine people should not fail to read Dr. Elliott's chapter upon "The Independence Movement" and indeed this chapter ought to be read by every one who is unaware that

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the Philippine question is still a vital one. It will be found that the author has left the question of ultimate Philippine independence quite open; that he has discussed this problem on a level quite above that of "liberal" sentiment in favor of self-government or of racial disparagement; but that he does point out compellingly the need of a consistent policy on the part of the American people and that he does furnish the materials for deciding what this policy should be.

In a very dry light, moreover, Dr. Elliott has reviewed the story of the American conquest of the Philippines and has discussed the relations of the American Government with the Spanish authorities and with the insurgents. It is in this part of his work that the effect of absolute impartiality and mature judgment may be most fully appreciated by an ordinary reader. The author's statements of fact and estimates of character are measured and definite. Dr. Elliott is fair to all parties. He understands the motives and methods of the insurgents, their characteristics as Philippine politicians, their childishness, their shrewdness and their genuine aspirations—understands them as Admiral Dewey and others did not. He is fair to Aguinaldo, whose career and character he has unpretentiously portrayed in a manner that seems final. He is fair even to certain erring consuls. His unbiassed story of the whole series of negotiations incident to the taking over of the Philippines by this Government—a story which includes a full account of the making of the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States—is something more than schoolbook history or academic monograph.

It is well that this definitive history has become available at a time when it may exercise a real influence upon the shaping of policy.

LETTERS ABOUT SHELLEY. Interchanged by three friends—Edward Dowden, Richard Garnett and Wm. Michael Rossetti. Edited by R. S. Garnett. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1917.

One may care for Wordsworth because he was a philosopher, for Burns because he was an idiomatic and musical Scot, for Keats because some of his pieces are pretty, for Tennyson because he was a consummate artist, and for other poets for other more or less irrelevant reasons; but one cannot like Shelley unless one likes undiluted poetry. Poetry at Shelley's highest level is either insight or madness. And it is insight or madness manifesting itself in a vehement and prosetylizing manner. "You might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as expect anything human or earthly from me," the poet truly declared; and if we value Shelley's poetry we value the unhuman and the unearthly. There is no way of teaching an appreciation of Shelley; and the reasoning by which F. W. H. Myers and others have sought to justify and explain the poet's dizziest flights is hardly more acceptable to "sensible" people than are the poems themselves. Liking for undiluted poetry depends, after all, upon a kind of faith, and as in religious matters so in poetry, faith in another's faith may enable one to catch glimpses of truth or beauty.

Three of the best known men of letters of the last century were

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fervent admirers of Shelley. None of these men was indiscriminate in his admiration; all were laborious level-headed thinkers, accustomed to practical work. William Rossetti spent most of his working life in the position of Assistant Secretary in the Inland Revenue Office. He was—and is, for he happily still lives—possessed not only of poetic sensibility but of a keen and ironic common sense. Dowden was a hard-working professor of English literature, a poet, and the author not only of the definite life of Shelley, but of the most sanely enthusiastic and generally acceptable books about Shakespeare that are accessible to the majority of readers. Garnett was a librarian in the British Museum—a man of extraordinary learning who was never in the slightest danger of becoming a pedant, who could find his way through the technical mazes of literary problems without ever losing touch with the real world.

All in all, there were not three men in England whose judgments in literary matters carried more weight than those of Garnett, Dowden and Rossetti, or whose pronouncements upon matters of taste the majority of readers more gladly accepted. And these three men were ardent admirers of Shelley. They labored with unselfish zeal to clear up the story of his life. They insisted upon exact truth even when it cast discredit upon the poet they loved. They felt that Shelley's poetry is greater than Shelley, but they were convinced that the story of Shelley the man would bear telling in full; they were haunted by no suspicion that great poetry could have an ultimately foul origin. They felt that justice was a cause to fight for; that truth was not to be feared.

To delve into the details of disputed points regarding Shelley's life is not, of course, the best way of knowing Shelley. Besides, we have Dowden's life of Shelley, to which Garnett contributed no little, and that is of course better as a source of knowledge than any series of letters could be. But the letters interchanged by Dowden, Garnett and Rossetti communicate something that a biography can hardly communicate; they tell something of the spirit in which such work ought to be done; they make the reader collaborate in imagination with the biographer—make him an apprentice to a master.

"The cure for dissatisfaction with Shelley's life," say R. S. and M. Garnett in their preface to the volume, "is to turn to his works, to catch as our correspondents did, something of that unearthly light in which his thought was steeped." One will be better able to do this after reading these letters. Moreover, a wavering faith in the value of the kind of poetry that Shelley wrote may be more strongly supported through contact with the minds of three notable scholars as revealed in their correspondence than in most other ways.

THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF LIFE. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

The word *evolution* has become even more familiar to modern ears than the word *gravitation,* and yet it is a common error to mistake its meaning. It is often supposed that the whole of what is usually implied in the word *evolution* is an established part of scientific theory.

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Comparatively few persons know that Darwinism and Evolution are not interchangeable terms, and fewer still are aware that a new conception of the evolutionary process is being reached by certain advanced thinkers.

This new idea has been called "the energy concept of life" and it is fully explained by Dr. Osborne, than whom there is no more reliable authority in America upon zoölogy and palæontology. "While we owe to matter and form," writes Dr. Osborne, "the revelation of the existence of the great *law* of evolution, we must reverse thought in the search for causes and take steps toward an energy conception of life and an energy conception of the nature of heredity." For Darwinism as well as some other and more modern forms of evolutionary theory make *chance* the cause of evolution—and chance is a cause that should not be admitted provided any other possible and sufficient cause may be found. The energy concept, though it unriddles no ultimate enigmas, does seem to be a key that will open a treasure-house of new thought.

Dr. Osborne's introductory discussion of his problem is extremely well designed to clear away all false or confusing implications that might hamper one in endeavoring to grasp the constructive part of the work. Four questions are asked in the author's introduction and at least provisionally answered. "Does the origin of life represent the beginning of something new in the universe?" The reply is that without being either *mechanists* or *materialists* we may hold that life is a continuation of the evolutionary process rather than an exception. "Does life evolution externally resemble stellar evolution?" Emphatically, no! In life, "the evolutionary process takes an entirely new and different direction. But is there not evidence that "similar internal physico-chemical laws prevail in life evolution and in lifeless evolution?" Yes, though physico-chemical explanations are in the present stage of our knowledge far from complete or satisfying, known reactions of a physical and chemical nature account for many of the phenomena of life and unknown reactions probably account for still more. Finally, are life forms the result of law or chance? (Again the reader must be reminded that he is in no danger of giving his assent to a mechanistic interpretation of the universe). Law is more conceivable than chance and to grant the conceivability of law is to clear the way for knowledge.

Following up the energy concept, Dr. Osborne distinguishes four great complexes of energy—that of the inorganic environment, that of the organism, that of the heredity germ and that of organisms which condition the life of the individual organism. Within these groups to trace the effects of the actions and reactions and more especially the *interactions* of forces is the task he has set himself.

Among interactions may be named the effects in the bodies of animals of enzymes, those strange chemical messengers that so wonderfully control the growth and development of the whole organism. When it is said that by reference to these Dr. Osborne succeeds in explaining the arrest of evolution in reptiles—something that cannot be done by the employment of arguments from causes hitherto acknowledged in evolutionary theory—something of the interest and significance of his work will be understood.

Besides being a striking contribution to the theory of the origin of

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life embodying all that is soundest in modern thought and research, this book of Dr. Osborne's gives as fascinating an account of the prehistoric condition of the earth and of the earliest forms of life that existed upon it as any reader could desire for his information and delight.

JAPAN DAY BY DAY. By Edward S. Morse. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

Few writers can ever have had at command so large a mass of interesting and picturesque details as had Edward S. Morse when he began to write his book, *Japan Day by Day;* and very few writers of the more learned sort know how, as Mr. Morse does, to make details fascinating just in themselves. The entire work comprising nearly a thousand large pages in all is fascinating from beginning to end. To say nothing of persons who desire full and accurate information for special reasons, the reader who cannot spend the greater part of a day in an armchair with this book for sole companion to his very great contentment is unfitted by temperament or education to appreciate one of the greatest pleasures that books can give. But to spend the greater part of a day in this way would be the act of a spendthrift. An hour or two at most should be allowed. With economy the book might be made to last a year.

A singularly keen and rapid observer, scientifically minded, and well-versed in the art of living, Mr. Morse has treated of an almost infinite variety of subjects with a precision and zest not found in books of rewritten lectures, in travel-sketches, or in "interpretations." His work, which is mainly a record of day-to-day experience, as the title imparts, contains, nevertheless, special chapters upon such delightfully abstruse matters as "The Ainus," "Pottery Hunting in and About Kyoto," "Customs and Superstitions," "Falconry and Other Matters." Opening the second volume at random, one finds on one page perhaps an account of the Japanese method of waking up a sleeper by a succession of taps gradually increasing in force, with the suggestion that this method ought to be adopted in all hospitals; on another a description of a curious crab. The multitude of sketches with which the volumes are illustrated greatly enhance the value and interest of the information contained in the text; and these sketches are much more illuminating than photographs usually are, for every one of them graphically explains an observation set forth in an adjoining paragraph.

Mr. Morse writes with adequate responsibility and in a scholarly spirit. The fact that he was formerly a professor in the University of Tokio indicates the degree of his authority to write about Japan and suggests but does not fully reveal the extent of his opportunities. His book is authoritative, detailed, comprehensive; it is also zestful, almost "larky." The author had intended to write a work upon a technical zoological subject, and it required some urgency on the part of a wise friend to induce him to change his plans and write this treatise on Japan. The scientific work would doubtless have been of value, but *Japan Day by Day* is a book to charm the weary and to divert the sorrowful. It would have been a misfortune if the writing of it had been indefinitely postponed.

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OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

VIII

(*October* 17—*November* 14)

In the eighth month of our participation in the war against Germany the first casualties in action occurred among American troops occupying position in the front line trenches in France. The first news that our men had been in a fight with Germans came from Berlin.

The next day Washington told what had happened. It appeared that for some time detachments of American troops, undergoing training for the real fighting which is to come, had been getting experience by brief turns in the front line trenches. One such detachment occupied a salient in the French line. A German raid was made on that salient, preceded by barrage fire which cut off the detachment of Americans from their supports. It is reported that our men fought with gallantry. Three were killed, five were wounded and eleven were captured. A cynical article in the *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin welcomed these first Americans to Germany and announced the readiness of the Germans to receive many more.

The American navy had already begun to pay the inevitable price for its active share in hunting down the underwater hell-hounds. On October 16 the torpedoboat destroyer *Cassin* was torpedoed by a submarine while on patrol duty. Gunner's Mate Ingram was killed and five men were injured, but the vessel was not lost. Through the skill of her captain, Commander Vernon, she was brought to port safely.

The next day the Army transport *Antilles,* returning from France with 237 men aboard, passengers and crew, was torpedoed, very early in the morning, despite the vigilance of her convoy, and sunk. Sixty-eight men were lost with her, including some of the navy guard, some of the returning soldiers and some of the crew. Among those lost were two army sergeants, one corporal and nine privates, all with German names, and some of whom had parents or other relatives living in Germany. In the official announcements of the loss there was no comment from Washington as to why so large a proportion of the soldiers returning from France should be men with German names.

On October 26 the Navy announced that its total of casualties from the commencement of its participation in the patrol work, shortly after the American declaration of war, down to date, was one officer and 27 men killed and five made prisoner. Ten days later announcement was made that the patrol boat *Alcedo* had been torpedoed and sunk and that one officer and 20 men were missing.

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Washington announces that more than a hundred thousand American soldiers are now in France. It required two hundred and fifty thousand tons of ships to transport them there and it requires the entire service of an immense fleet to maintain them. As our forces in France increase in numbers the demands upon our small supply of tonnage also increase. Despite all the difficulties the Shipping Board has found a way to respond to the calls for help from France and Italy. On October 19 it was announced that 250,000 tons of shipping would be allotted to France in return for which French sailing vessels would come into our coastwise service. A week later arrangements were made to let Italy have the use of 25 steel vessels aggregating about a hundred thousand tons. Meantime steady effort was made to speed up construction in American yards. Delays and hindrances were threatened, and in some cases actually caused, by strikes and other labor troubles. The month saw the full influence of the Government constantly exerted to the utmost to arrange such disagreements and prevent interference with work. On November 11 a reorganization in the Emergency Fleet Corporation, which is charged with the construction work, was announced. Admiral W. L. Capps, who succeeded Gen. George W. Goethals as the General manager of the Corporation, had worked himself into ill health in the attempt to carry the tremendous burden alone. Mr. Charles A. Piez, a very successful business man, of Chicago, was selected vice-president of the Fleet Corporation and put in charge of the actual construction work. At the same time a production committee, composed of engineers, was created to assist in speeding up the enterprise and cutting out red tape.

While these efforts were making the Shipping Board was also in negotiation with representatives of the Japanese Government for assignment of a certain portion of the Japanese merchant fleet to the Atlantic trade to help out Japan's Allies in their great need for shipping. In the end an agreement was made whereby Japan is to get a certain amount of American steel which she greatly desires and is to make a readjustment of her shipping schedules that will contribute to the relief of her allies.

This shipping question with Japan was coupled pretty closely, apparently, with the chief matter concerning which the Ishii special mission came to the United States to negotiate. On November 6 Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, announced that an exchange of notes between himself and Viscount Ishii had been effected on November 2, the effect of which was to define the attitude of the two Powers with respect to China. The United States, by this exchange, recognizes the validity of the Japanese claim to a "special interest" in China, and joins with Japan in denying for itself any purpose of infringing Chinese integrity or sovereignty, while at the same time declaring again for the maintenance of the "Open Door" in China and the principle of the equal opportunity of all nations in the commerce of China. The two Governments will oppose the infringement of Chinese independence or sovereignty by others. A complete agreement for naval co-operation in the Pacific was also reached.

In the eighth month of American participation in the war against Germany the first real pinch of food shortage began to make itself felt

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among the American people—not in the sense of hardship through mounting prices, but in the actual shortage so that persons with money to pay any kind of price within reason were unable to buy because the dealers had none to sell. This condition manifested itself in the case of sugar and immediately the effect of government control and price fixing was felt. At first some dealers who had sugar in stock when the shortage became apparent were inclined to let the law of supply and demand have free play and charge what the traffic would bear for their sugar. But very stern warnings came from Washington to the effect that that sort of profiteering would not be tolerated.

Mr. Hoover announced that the licensing system would seek to limit prices to cost plus a reasonable advance; to keep food commodities moving; and to prevent speculation by limiting future contracts.

While the Food Adminstrator was busy with the first food shortage Dr. Garfield, the Fuel Adminstrator, was being harassed on all sides by difficulties of every kind. Owners of coal mines protested that government prices were lower than costs of production. Miners demanded higher wages and threatened strikes to enforce their demands. In some places operators shut down their mines. In other places the miners struck and forced a shut-down. Dr. Garfield issued repeated warnings, increasing in severity, to both men and operators, against strikes and lockouts, and against sales at prices above those fixed by the President. State Fuel Administrators were instructed to seek evidence on which to base prosecutions of dealers selling above the schedule. In the effort to keep the mines working and production at a maximum John P. White, president of the United Mine Workers, the miners' union, resigned and was appointed assistant to Dr. Garfield. Here and there stores of hoarded coal were uncovered, and orders were given preventing additional shipments to concerns which had large supplies in reserve. The total production for this year is greater than for the corresponding period of last year, but is still not up to the maximum possible.

The labor difficulties which marked the shipping and coal situations were manifest also in other industrial lines, and, under the inspiration of the I. W. W. organization, were especially active in western farming districts. The activities of the I. W. W. led to riotous performances in different States.

Governmental efforts to prevent labor disturbances from interfering with essential production culminated in a trip by President Wilson from Washington to Buffalo, where he addressed the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor. He expressed contempt for the pacifists who are seeking to bring about an immediate peace and told the workers that they must sink all differences and give full aid.

This eighth month of our participation in the war was marked by a great American success in the second Liberty Loan. The subscriptions closed on October 27th, but the full amount was not known until November 7, they came so rapidly and from so many sources at the close of the drive. The mark that had been set for the campaign was an issue of $3,000,000,000, but it had been announced that bonds to the

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extent of one-half of any over subscription would be allotted, and it was hoped that the over subscription might reach to $2,000,000,000, making the total of subscriptions $5,000,000,000.

The second Liberty Bond campaign was well organized and the drive reached its climax right at the last. It produced a total of more than 9,400,000 subscribers, who bid for the inconceivable sum of $4,617,532,300 of the new 4 per cent bonds that are not exempt from taxation, except in amounts under $5,000. As half of the subscriptions above three billions will be allotted, this means a total issue of the second loan of $3,808,766,150. At a favorable rate of exchange, under present circumstances, that would be almost 23,000,000,000 German marks, or twice the total subscriptions to the most successful loan issued by the German Government.

Preparation of the national army to take its share in the actual fighting proceeded steadily throughout the month. It involved not only the training of new officers in their various schools, and of the men in their camps, but the careful preparation for further calls under the selective draft registration. Provost Marshal General Crowder has worked out a graded system for selecting the men of the new contingents. He sent a questionnaire to all the 9,000,000 men on the registration lists calculated to develop full information concerning their situation, so that they may be properly classified. The local board, upon examination of the returns, are to assign the men to one or another of five classes. These classes are as follows:

CLASS I

(A) Single man without dependent relatives.

(B) Married man, with or without children, or father of motherless children, who has habitually failed to support his family.

(C) Married man dependent on wife for support.

(D) Married man, with or without children, or father of motherless children; man not usefully engaged, family supported by income independent of his labor.

(E) Unskilled farm laborer.

(F) Unskilled industrial laborer. Registrant by or in respect of whom no deferred classification is claimed or made. Registrant who fails to submit questionnaire and in respect of whom no deferred classification is claimed or made.

All registrants not included in any other division in this schedule.

CLASS II

(A) Married man with children or father of motherless children, where such wife or children or such motherless children are not mainly dependent upon his labor for support for the reason that there are other reasonably certain sources of adequate support (excluding earnings or possible earnings from the labor of the wife) available, and that the removal of the registrant will not deprive such dependents of support.

(B) Married man, without children, whose wife, although the registrant is engaged in a useful occupation, is not mainly dependent upon his labor for support, for the reason that the wife is skilled in some special class of work which she is physically able to perform and in which she is employed, or in which there is an immediate opening for her under conditions that will enable her to support herself decently and without suffering or hardship.

(C) Necessary skilled farm laborer in necessary agricultural enterprise.

(D) Necessary skilled industrial laborer in necessary industrial enterprise.

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CLASS III

(A) Man with dependent children (not his own) but toward whom he stands in relation of parent.

(B) Man with dependent, aged or infirm parents.

(C) Man with dependent, helpless brothers or sisters.

(D) County or municipal officer.

(E) Highly trained fireman or policeman, at least three years in service of municipality.

(F) Necessary Custom House clerk.

(G) Necessary enploye of United States in transmission of the mails.

(H) Necessary artificer or workman in United States armory or arsenal.

(I) Necessary employe in service of United States.

(J) Necessary assistant, associate, or hired manager of necessary agricultural enterprise.

(K) Necessary highly specialized technical or mechanical expert of necessary industrial enterprise.

(L) Necessary assistant or associate manager of necessary industrial enterprise.

CLASS IV

(A) Man whose wife or children are mainly dependent on his labor for support.

(B) Mariner actually employed in sea service of citizen or merchant in the United States.

(C) Necessary sole managing, controlling or directing head of necessary agricultural enterprise.

(D) Necessary sole managing, controlling or directing head of necessary industrial enterprise.

CLASS V

(A) Officers, legislative, executive, or judicial, of the United States or of State, Territory, or District of Columbia.

(B) Regular or duly ordained minister of religion.

(C) Student who on May 18, 1917, was preparing for ministry in recognized school.

(D) Persons in military or naval service of United States.

(E) Alien enemy.

(F) Resident alien (not an enemy) who claims exemption.

(G) Person totally and permanently physically or mentally unfit for military service.

(H) Person morally unfit to be a soldier of the United States.

(I) Licensed pilot actually employed in the pursuit of his vocation.

Member of well recognized religious sect or organization, organized and existing on May 18, 1917, whose then existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war in any form, and whose religious convictions are against war or participation therein.

In our eighth month of war, also, we began to participate apparently as an ally instead of merely as an associate. In October there were reports of an invitation to us to join in an Allied War Conference to be held at Paris in the middle of November. Considerable mystery was made about the invitation and its reception, as well as to whether or not it was to be accepted. Then an interesting report came out to the effect that the President had chosen his friend, Colonel E. M. House, to collect

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information and material for use by the American commissioners at the peace conference. Then, on November 7, when nothing had been said about Colonel House and his mission for some time, Mr. Lansing announced in Washington that Colonel House, together with a large staff of assistants, had arrived safely in England, on his way to attend that conference at Paris. The Colonel has with him Admiral Benson, chief for operations; Gen. Bliss, chief of staff of the army; Vance McCormick, chairman of the War Trade Board; Bainbridge Colby, of the Shipping Board; Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, food and health expert, representing the Food Administration; Oscar Crosby, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; T. N. Perkins, representing the Priority Board, and several others.

This American participation in their councils was received with every evidence of genuine satisfaction by the official representatives of our Allies. The imperative need of frank counsel and well considered joint action was never more clear. For this eighth month of American participation, which has seen only the almost infinitesimal beginning of real fighting by our men, has seen the disastrous defeat of our Italian Allies and the practical elimination of Russia as a factor in arms against Germany. It appears that the greatest hope for any assistance to the Allies which now lies in Russia is that such a measure of civil war will ensue as will prevent any substantial profit to Germany from the cessation of hostilities against her on the long eastern front.

The practical cessation of such hostilities has been turned to huge advantage by Germany in withdrawing forces for use in overwhelming the Italians under General Cadorna on the Isonzo line, where only recently he had won such glorious advances against the Austrians. In the middle of October despatches from Rome began to indicate an intention on the part of the Germans to undertake a great offensive against Italy. Apparently no attention was paid to these warnings by the Allies, and no assistance was sent to Italy. There were reports in Washington of desperate need for guns and other supplies. But nothing was done to meet the need. Then, toward the end of the month, Berlin began to report the advance, and day by day the direful news came of the resistless forward swing of the German divisions, and the ever-increasing toll of prisoners and captured guns, until the figures ran up to 200,000 men and 1,800 guns. The Italian line had been driven back out of Austrian territory, and from one Italian river to another, each of which was to be the position for the stand that was to check the victorious Germans. Reports as this is written are that the retreating Italians, now, at length, reinforced by French and British troops and artillery, are making their stand on the Piave river, and hoping to save Venice from the Huns. But Venice is to be evacuated by soldiery and civilians in the hope that its historic buildings may escape the rage of the savages.

Meantime the United States authorities are slowly seeking out the disloyal, and the enemy aliens resident and active among our people. And a custodian of Alien Property has been appointed under the Enemy Trading Act. Also a censorship of outgoing foreign mails has been established. But German endeavor is not stopped.

(*This record is as of November* 14 *and is to be continued.*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEMOSTHENES, THE WAR, AND T. R.

SIR,—As a new reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW I desire to thank you heartily for your editorial in the August issue. It is a great relief to turn from the empty frothings of the newspaper editors to one who is capable of judging judicially of current events and with the requisite vigor based on reason which the subjects of the day demand. *Vite!* should be our every-day slogan now at least.

I have been rereading Demosthenes' Fourth Philippic and I find, to my mind, a most just parallel between our foreign policies before April last and the conditions pictured by the orator as prevailing in Greece at that time. In chiding the Athenians on their indolence, he says:

> You have never, Athenians, made the necessary dispositions in your affairs, nor armed yourselves in time; but have ever been led by events [when] your preparations are resumed . . . all is tumult and confusion . . . you have departed, Athenians, from the plan of government which your ancestors laid down. You are persuaded by your leaders that to be the first among the Greeks, to keep up your forces ready to redress the injured, is an unnecessary and vain expense. You are taught to think . . . that to be free from public cares, to abandon all your interests one by one, a prey to the vigilance and craft of others, is to be perfectly happy and absolutely secure.

And in regard to the expense of warfare:

> It is beneath the dignity of the state, beneath the glory of your ancestors to abandon all the rest of Greece to slavery for the sake of private ease. I, for my part, would rather die than propose such a conduct; if, however, there be no other person to recommend it to you, be it so; make no opposition; abandon all affairs, but if there be no one of this opinion; if, on the contrary, we all foresee that the farther this man is suffered to extend his conquests the more dangerous an enemy we must find in him, why this delay? Why is our duty evaded, or when will we be disposed to exert ourselves? Must some necessity press us? What one may call the necessity of freemen not only presseth us now, but has been long since felt; that of slaves, it is to be hoped, may never approach us.

We might substitute, in the above, Europe, or, better, the world, and imagine Wilhelm II in place of Philip of Macedon.

And this:

> And what can be the reason that he treated you with insolence; that he utters menaces against you; while he at least condescends to dissemble with other people and gain their good offices? Whence is it that his conduct toward you is so different from that toward others? Because, of all the Grecian States,

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ours is the only one in which harangues in favor of enemies are pronounced with impunity.

Finally, these two quotations are axioms pregnant with truth and sternly applicable at this time:

> Since, then, you are engaged in defence of all that is dear to you, apply to the great work with an attention worthy of the importance of it. Let the wretches who have openly sold themselves to this man be the object of your abhorrence, let them meet with the utmost severity of public justice, for you will not, you cannot conquer your foreign enemies until you have punished those that lurk within your walls. No, they will even prove so many obstacles to impede your progress and to give our enemies the superiority.
>
> When your decree for war hath once passed, let there be no dispute whether it ought or ought not to have been undertaken.

The purblind Teuto-maniacs who profess Americanism for personal safety, and those well-intentioned people who cannot see the immense reason for our war, should have this last on a phonograph record so that they might hear it morning, noon and night.

So, through all the dusky and bright ages we have an unrelenting combat between two forces—slavery and freedom. And when we succeed in this war, if we keep our ideal on the level of our eyes, slavery will be laid beside the historical remains of Attila of the Huns. It is my belief, my hope. At least we shall have moved so far up the arduous road to manhood that the fetters will lie an immeasurable distance behind us, dissolved by rust.

Another remarkable analogy that should be recognized by us all, whatever our political or even personal prejudice, is that Demosthenes, in the Fifth Century, did a service (unheeded) that Roosevelt performed for America in the Twentieth. Like Demosthenes, Roosevelt pled for recognition of the fact that personal comfort is not to be compared with duty to the detriment of the latter. In my view this war could more properly be called Roosevelt's war than it could be called the President's war. And what higher praise, what more worthy encomium would one give to anybody than to say that he aided us in taking our part? As yet people generally do not fully appreciate the great service that Roosevelt has done for his country. In his writings on America and her relation to the world war—might I call them wilsonics?—he has kept before the masses the vital fact of the struggle, that it is a war to preserve the soul and body of civilization, and being such, necessarily vital to America. By his untiring labor to help us preserve our liberty of spirit and our nobility of idealism regardless of physical sacrifice, and to save America from sinking under the weight of crass indulgence, he has rendered a service of such value as is beyond computation. And by accustoming the body politic to the arguments for a courageous stand against the destructive philosophy and arms of Germany he has made possible the general unanimity of opinion favorable to the war.

Where Demosthenes failed, Roosevelt succeeded. And what a good thing that he did win, for we must remember that Greece lost her liberty and glory from the day she refused to give ear to the trumpet call of the Athenian orator.

GUINEA MILLS, VA. WILLIAM GAMALIEL SHEPARD.

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ANOTHER LITTLE MATTER FOR MR. HOOVER

SIR,—I have just read your article, "The Significance of Mr. Hoover."

Neither you or Mr. Hoover are farmers. You do not realize the actual conditions.

You speak of "farmers building vast storage bins." They have been doing that for fifty years. The West is still growing. But that statement is especially true just now of "The Inland Empire," and the Pacific Northwest. Formerly they handled wheat in bags, now they are changing to elevators, hauling the wheat in bulk (loose) in tank wagons, saving about ten cents per bushel by the change.

I am told that England buys and imports wheat and sells at a loss in order to keep down the price.

If you care to read the Western market reports you will find that the receipts are less than half of the corresponding week last year.

Not only were 12,000,000 acres of Winter wheat destroyed; but owing to adverse weather conditions last Spring in the Spring wheat country, there was a decrease of twenty per cent in the Spring wheat acreage.

There are at least two fundamental facts in the American food situation not considered by Congress.

It is obvious that if you suddenly raise the price of any necessity, people will not be wasteful of that article. When farmers were selling corn for eight and ten cents per bushel, they burnt millions of bushels because it was cheaper than coal. When the price jumped to fifty cents, they did not burn a kernel.

Mr. Hoover (the Government expert, appointed to carry out the official plans) is demanding that the people economize in the use of flour, and at the same time he lowers the price of wheat. He is trying to violate an economic law. When the price of a necessity is lowered, its use is increased. Flour today is the cheapest food on the market, but when the farmers' wheat was reduced to about two dollars at the elevators, was the price of baker's bread lowered one cent?

The millers are allowed by the Government to figure 288 pounds of wheat as the equivalent of a barrel of flour. This is sixteen pounds more than is actually used by the real millers.

The price had been lowered at the farmers' expense. They permit the millers to prepare their own figures as to profits. It is undisputed that the ultimate consumer pays the bills. A flour or steel or cotton or woolen mill or a bank or a railway, all, each and every one, figure their taxes as an expense, to be added to the selling price of the products. *The buyer, the ultimate consumer, pays those taxes.*

The farmers, being forty-five per cent. of the whole population, form the largest body of ultimate consumers in the nation. They buy not only food, clothing, coal, but steel, iron, cement, lumber—every conceivable thing. We pay probably fifty per cent. of the indirect taxes levied on the ultimate consumer, and then: *we pay our taxes in addition out of our own pocket.* This is the deadly percentage working in favor of the manufacturers and middlemen, all the time. That accounts for the growth of cities, etc.

The farmer does not and cannot pass his taxes on to the next man.

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We do not set our prices. The law of supply and demand does that. The farmer is a gambler. He is at the mercy of the weather, and of all the conditions that affect production and consumption, all over the world.

If the farmer's profits are to be confiscated, how is he to pay his taxes, and the other fellow's too?

This was the economic reef that wrecked the Roman Empire. Our members of Congress are (the most of them) only politicians. They have not the remotest idea what they have really done.

Aside from your article on Mr. Hoover I enjoyed the September number.

W. F. RAMSAY.

BELOIT, VICTOR STAR ROUTE, KAN.

DESPOTIC LABOR LEADERS

SIR,—It has occurred to me to suggest to you a topic which I think is one of great and pressing importance: the supervision by law of the voting by labor organizations either for their own officers or for any matter affecting public interests, e. g. strikes.

A few years ago a working miner in Butte said to a visitor that he had worked there all his life, that there were some ten thousand miners, all union men, working under contracts with the owners. He said that they had a hall (this hall was blown up by some I. W. W. men who were at odds with the union officers) which could hold, say, five hundred; that when some member at a meeting rose and asked the treasurer to report what had been done with the balance of the thirty thousand dollars raised by contributions from that body for the strikers at Houghton (the Congressional investigation having disclosed that thirteen thousand only had been sent), he was struck on the mouth and kicked downstairs; that whenever an election of officers was held, those already in office and their intimates counted the ballots and consequently could never be removed. He said that they made their reports to themselves; that these officers appeared to be financially prosperous.

During the last twelve months in Chicago, a certain labor official was convicted of some crime, and on the trial it was disclosed that he was the head of a labor union and had amassed the tidy fortune of half a million! It was also disclosed that the local electric light company had paid him twenty or thirty thousand dollars for permission to erect a large office building and not be stopped by strikes.

These things suggest the thought that labor union leaders once in office can remain in *ad libitum,* and can, if so disposed, plunder not only their own members but blackmail the community. They can announce anything they please as to the wishes of their constituents; they can state that ninety per cent are in favor of such and such a strike, whether, as a matter of fact, the ninety per cent were opposed to it or not. They can do all this because they count the ballots. This suggests the comparison of certain days aforetime in the South when the negro votes were counted by the white men.

Would not every honest member of a union welcome the interference of outsiders to supervise all the voting? Suppose State laws should be

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enacted providing for every labor union to register with the county recorder its name, objects, and officers, and that whenever an election is held or a vote on any question affecting outside interests, the county judge, recorder, and clerk should be invited to be present to count the ballots and make record of the results?

I think this is an important matter and should be taken up. Your magazine would be a good medium through which it could be called to the attention of the public.

SIDNEY C. EASTMAN.

CHICAGO, ILL.

WAR CASUALTIES

SIR,—May I take the liberty of saying that you have done a great service to the country by your timely and convincing "leader" in the October number of your REVIEW.

My own conclusion as to the steady decrease of fatal casualties through centuries is identical with yours. Our Civil War was more fatal to life, in proportion to numbers, than this one. One of the regiments in my brigade at Gettysburg lost 206 out of a total of 306.

But I am alluding to *the whole article* when I say it has an exceptional value.

Your view of the emigration danger has been mine for many years.

RANDOLPH H. MCKIM, D.D.

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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From the *Jugend*

THE GERMAN IDEA OF THE AMERICAN GENERAL STAFF

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MY SON- LEARN OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM AND ALWAYS PROVE YOUR PATRIOTISM BY JOINING IN THE SINGING OF IT ON ALL OCCASIONS
YES POP I KNOW IT BY HEART
"OH-HO SAY- CAN- YOU SEE-EE
THAT EVENING FATHER HAD A CHANCE TO SING THE NATION-AL ANTH-EM
"DA DE DA DADA, . DYAH!"
HM-M PROUD-LY HM -HM-M - DAH DE TWI-LIGHTS SLASS GLEE - MING "
HM HM STRIPES HM BRI' STARS- DA DADA DYA DYA DYA
HM HM RAM-PARTS HM HM WERE SO GAL-LUNTLY STREAM-MING'
HM-M-M ROCKITS RED GLARE - HM HM HMM - IN AIR- DAH DE DAH- DAH DE FLAG WSTILL THERE
M-M HM- M-M-HM HM-HM-HM-M H-M-HM-WAVE HM-HM LAND OF THE HM-M
AND THUH HO- HOME OF THUH BRAVE
BIRMEY

From the *New York Tribune*

NOW ALTOGETHER—SING "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

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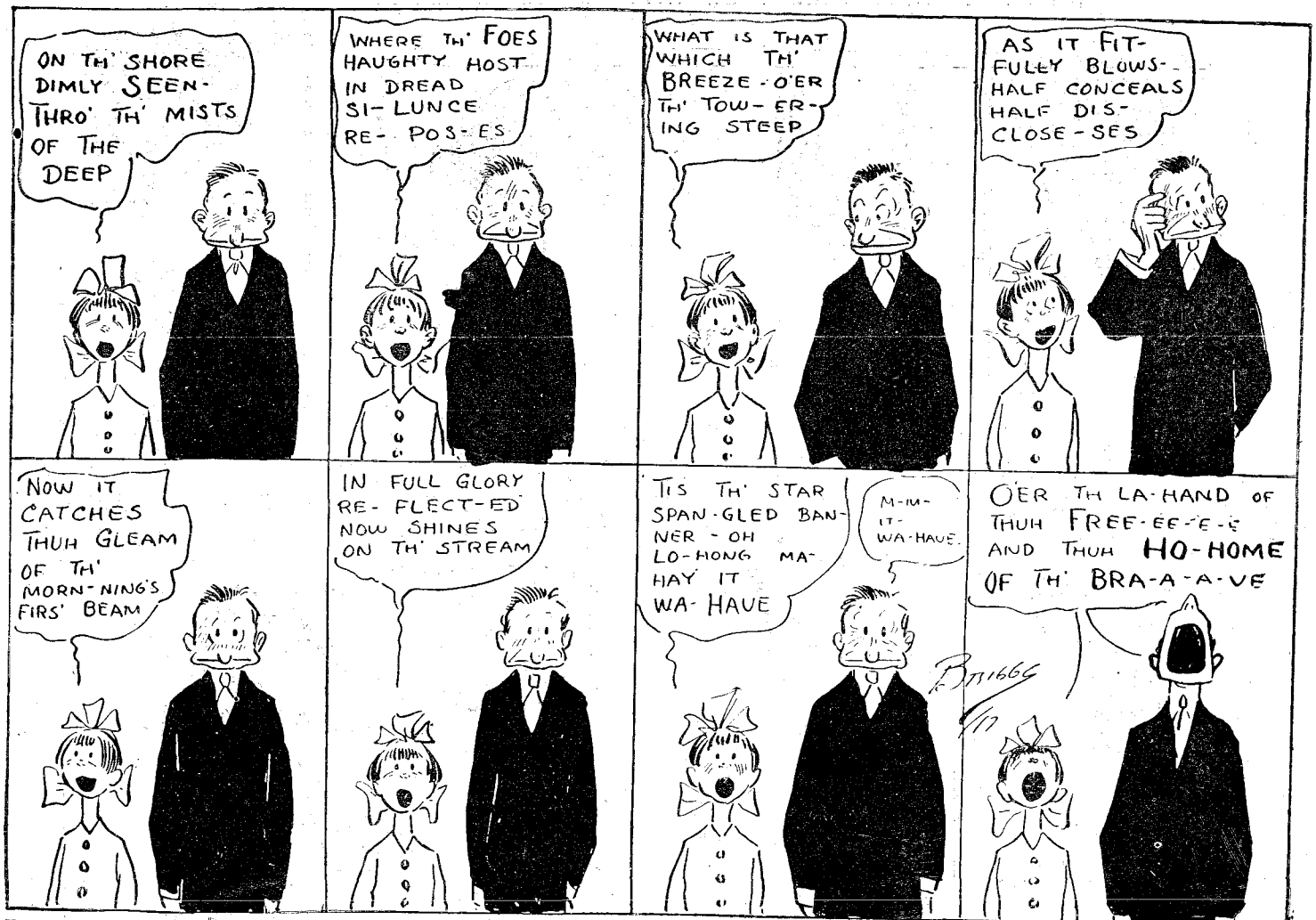
ON TH' SHORE DIMLY SEEN- THRO' TH' MISTS OF THE DEEP
WHERE TH' FOES HAUGHTY HOST IN DREAD SI- LUNCE RE- POS- ES
WHAT IS THAT WHICH TH' BREEZE - O'ER TH' TOW- ER- ING STEEP
AS IT FIT- FULLY BLOWS- HALF CONCEALS HALF DIS- CLOSE - SES
NOW IT CATCHES THUH GLEAM OF TH' MORN- NING'S FIRS' BEAM
IN FULL GLORY RE- FLECT- ED NOW SHINES ON TH' STREAM
TIS TH' STAR SPAN - GLED BAN- NER - OH LO- HONG MA- HAY IT WA- HAVE
M-M- IT- WA-HAVE.
O'ER TH LA-HAND OF THUH FREE-EE-E-E AND THUH HO-HOME OF TH' BRA-A-A-VE
BRIGGS

From the *New York Tribune*

NOW ALTOGETHER—THE SECOND STANZA

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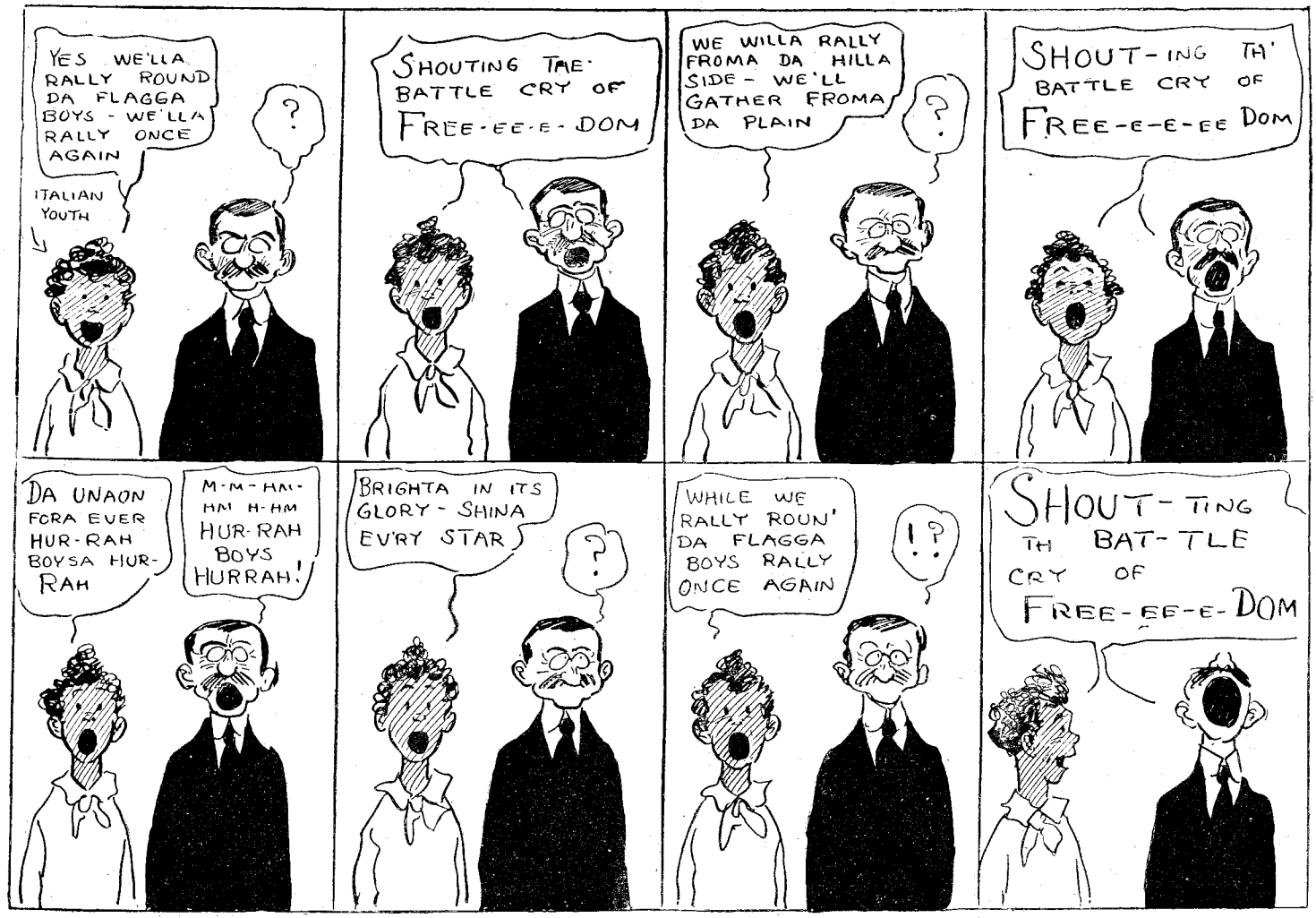
YES WE'LLA RALLY ROUND DA FLAGGA BOYS - WE'LLA RALLY ONCE AGAIN
ITALIAN YOUTH
?
SHOUTING THE BATTLE CRY OF FREE-EE-E-DOM
WE WILLA RALLY FROMA DA HILLA SIDE - WE'LL GATHER FROMA DA PLAIN
?
SHOUT-ING TH' BATTLE CRY OF FREE-E-E-EE DOM
DA UNAON FORA EVER HUR-RAH BOYSA HUR-RAH
M-M-HM-HM H-HM HUR-RAH BOYS HURRAH!
BRIGHTA IN ITS GLORY - SHINA EV'RY STAR
?
WHILE WE RALLY ROUN' DA FLAGGA BOYS RALLY ONCE AGAIN
!?
SHOUT-TING TH BAT-TLE CRY OF FREE-EE-E-DOM

From the *New York Tribune*

NOW ALTOGETHER SING—"THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM"

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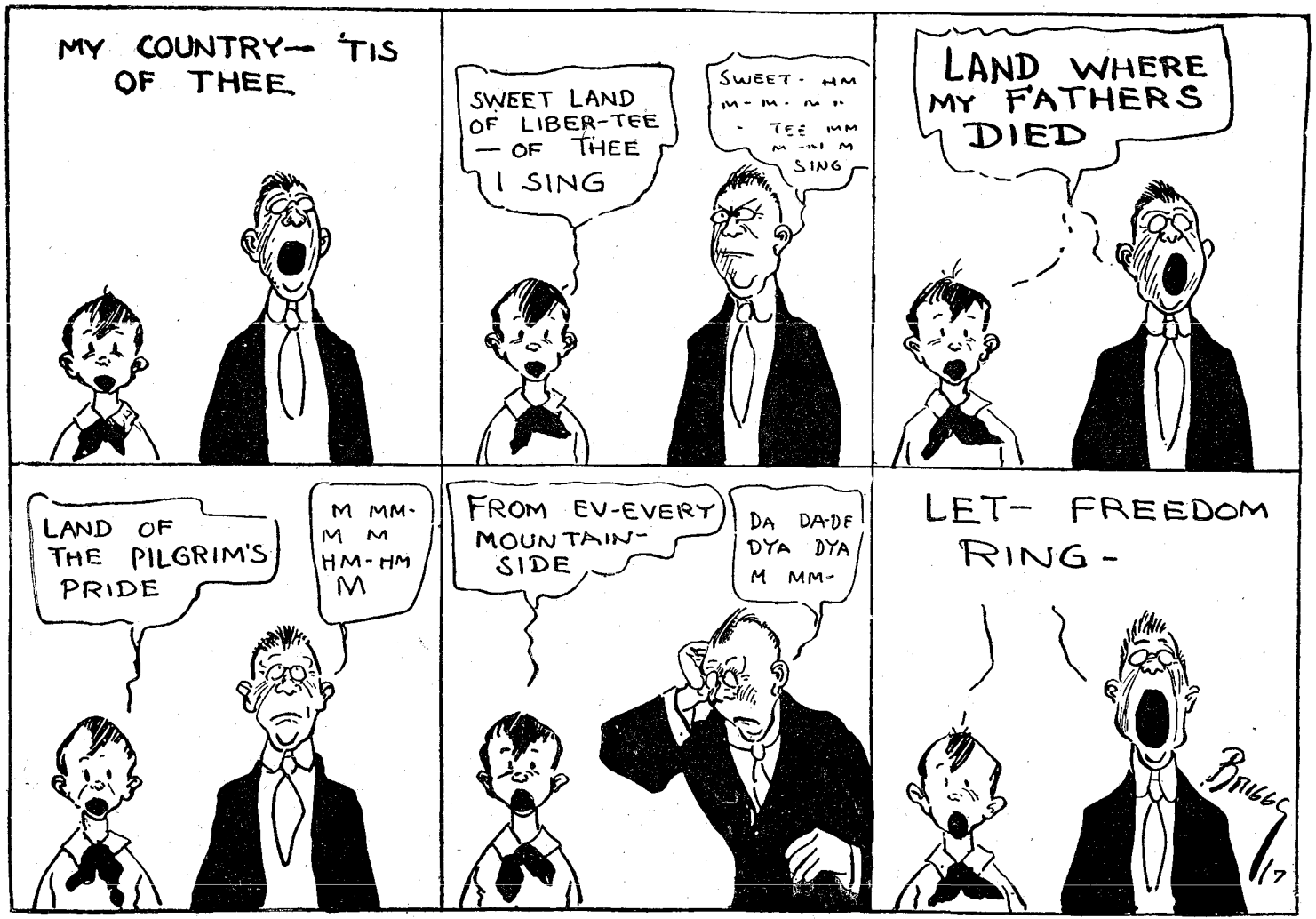
MY COUNTRY— 'TIS OF THEE
SWEET LAND OF LIBER-TEE — OF THEE I SING
SWEET - HM M-M-M TEE MM M-MI M SING
LAND WHERE MY FATHERS DIED
LAND OF THE PILGRIM'S PRIDE
M MM-M M HM-HM M
FROM EV-EVERY MOUNTAIN-SIDE
DA DA-DE DYA DYA M MM-
LET- FREEDOM RING-
BRIGGS 17

From the *New York Tribune*

LET US ALL SING—"AMERICA"

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